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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*An Account of the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, including various Political Observations relating to them.* By William Wilkinson, Esq. late British Consul to the above-mentioned Principality. London, 1820, pp. 294.

The bad construction in the title-page, which we have just copied, will no doubt impress our critical readers with the notion that this book is not very excellently written; and we must say that it is not the work of a person in habits of literary composition. The author, however, resided for several years in the principalities which are his subject, and he supplies a good deal of sensible observation in his own way,—intelligibly if not elegantly. As Consul, he had peculiar opportunities for obtaining intelligence, not apparent to casual travellers; and altogether he has placed the latest débris of the ancient and magnificent Eastern Empire before us in a light more obvious than any in which we have hitherto seen it.

Of the original composition of the people of these Greek provinces; of the early history of the Dacians, and of the contests of their descendants with the followers of Islam, we shall say nothing, except that, about 200 years ago, Wallachia and Moldavia were definitively subjugated by the Turks, and have, since that era, been governed, agreeably to a partial constitution left them, by governors appointed by the Porte. The population, according to the nearest calculation, approaches to 1,000,000 of souls, in Wallachia, and 500,000 in Moldavia, since the last peace of Bukarest. They are divided into boyars, or nobles of the different orders; the tradesmen of all descriptions; and the peasants, with others who are liable to the common taxes and contributions. So precarious is the station, and so rapid the succession of Hoscopars or Governors in this quarter, that, during 90 years, to the beginning of this century, no fewer than forty different princes reigned in Wallachia, independantly of the time it was occupied by the Russians, from 1770 to 1774; by the Austrians and Russians, from 1789 to 1792; and by the Russians again from 1806 to 1812; that is to say, at the rate of a sovereign, more or less, every two years. Bukarest, the capital of Wallachia, contains 80,000 inhabitants, 366 churches, 20 monasteries, and 30 large *hanus*, or caravans-

ras. Yassi, the capital of Moldavia, is a smaller but better built town, with 40,000 inhabitants and seventy churches. The streets of both are paved with thick pieces of timber thrown across, and fastened like a wooden bridge. The port of Galatz, however, is more usefully interesting than either, and we copy the account of it.—

Galatz (the sea-port of the two principalities) is in Moldavia, but nearly touches the frontier of Wallachia: it is situated at the beginning of the broadest and deepest part of the Danube, distant sixty miles from the Black Sea, sixty-five from Yassi, and seventy-two from Bukarest. The river is so far very navigable for ships not exceeding three hundred tons burthen. Its principal entrance from the sea is not very easy to make, owing to the islands which divide it into three great channels, two of which are very shallow and dangerous. But ships bound hither take pilots on board, and with this precaution, very few accidents take place, particularly in the fine season.

The navigation of the Danube closes in the month of November; and in the severest winters, even this part of the river is completely frozen over for the space of five or six weeks. In the month of March, ships begin to make their appearance again, and as they have not the inconvenience of a tide against them, they are enabled to come up close to the wharfs, and to remain there until their business is finished.

Galatz is the great market for the produce of the two principalities, and the only landing-place for some principal articles of importation. Having all the resources of a seaport, it is apparently a very flourishing town. Its market is always well stocked with the productions of the interior. The timber, masts, and staves, are conveyed to it along the small rivers, that come from various parts of the country, and fall into the Danube nearest to it. There are public granaries for the wheat, and a great number of large warehouses, belonging to private merchants, for all articles. It is chiefly inhabited by commercial men, who, notwithstanding the rigour of the prohibitory measures, often find the means of exporting some quantity of wheat, and other contraband articles; but their principal trade is that of importation. The town and its dependencies are governed by two deputies of the Prince of Moldavia, called *Percalibus*. The number of the fixed inhabitants does not exceed seven thousand, but the great concourse of people occasioned every year by commercial pursuits, gives it the appearance of being very populous, and all the bustle of a place of great trade. The presence, in particular, of a great number of commercial vessels, increases considerably that appearance.

Although Galatz is the general depot for many goods of importation, it is not the principal market for them: they are conveyed to those of Bukarest and Yassi. Coffee, sugar, pepper, rum, lemons, oranges, and foreign wines, are the principal articles of this description. The local consumption of the first, in both provinces, is calculated at 300,000 okes every year; of the second, 900,000 okes; and of the third 35,000 okes; that of the others is merely eventual. Their importation, however, surpasses this quantity, and might be still carried to a greater extent, as the provinces of Galicia, Boucovina, Transylvania, Temesvar, and Servia, are partly supplied with those articles by the markets of Bukarest, Yassi, and Galatz.

The general system of this import trade is ill contrived, and it is subject to many inconveniences. The purchasers have recourse to the markets of Smyrna and Constantinople, where, of course, they buy at high prices. The goods, which have already paid custom-house duty in Turkey, are taxed with a new duty of the same kind, of three per cent, on being landed or brought into the principalities, as well as with other charges of an arbitrary nature, which amount to as much more. The latter are not indeed established by the local governments, but merely exacted by their officers, and as they are tolerated, they become unavoidable, unless the proprietors of the goods happen to be subjects of European courts, and in such, receive protection and assistance from the consuls residing in the country.

Wallachia and Moldavia are at present supplied by Germany with all kinds of cotton and woollen manufacture and hardware, either by land or by the Danube.

The plain and printed calico, the chintz, glass and earthenware, brought to their markets, are, without exception, German; but they are called English, and as such sold at higher prices than they would fetch were their origin made known.

The consumption of the woollen cloth is very extensive; that of the superfine qualities alone is valued at 200,000l. sterling every year. Some French cloths are brought into the country, but as their prices are considerably higher than those of Germany, they do not meet with much demand. French cambrics and English muslins are always profitable articles of speculation, and never remain long on hand.

As furs of all kinds form a part of the national costume, and are besides necessary owing to the natural rigour of the climate, they are an article of vast importation. Russia supplies the principalities with it, and takes in return brandy and wine, and imported articles.

Most of the merchants carrying on trade,

in these countries, are natives, or Greeks. Some have been naturalised in Russia or in Austria, and receive protection from those powers; an advantage which is of no small consequence to their affairs. Of late years, some natives of the Ionian Islands, have begun to trade in the principalities, and the English flag, borne by their vessels, is now frequently displayed on the Danube.

Some overland expeditions of goods coming from Smyrna, are now and then made by way of Enos and Adrianople; but they are attended with risk and difficulty; besides which, the amount of charges surpasses by eight per cent. those incurred by way of Galatz.

The natural richness, and the various resources of Wallachia and Moldavia, are such, that if those countries could enjoy the important advantages of a regular government and a wise administration, under which industry and agriculture should receive their due encouragement, the trade of exports laid open, the commercial intercourse with foreign nations set upon a proper footing, and finally, the mines explored, they would in a short time become the most populous and most flourishing provinces of Europe. The harbour of Galatz would soon stand in rivalry with all the ports of the Black Sea, not excepting Odessa.

The fertility of the soil is such as to procure nourishment for ten times the number of the present population, and leave wherewith to supply other countries besides; the common return of cultivation being sixteen-fold, and in more favourable seasons, twenty-five.

Nature has furnished them with every possible means of becoming prosperous: men have ever proved themselves the determined enemies of their prosperity.

The following political information, which we meet with a little further on in the volume, will no doubt be thought a curious development of some of the springs on which the marvellous agreement between the Emperor Alexander and Buonaparte at Erfurth proceeded.

A plan of partition had been formed at Erfurth between the emperors Alexander and Napoleon, by which the Turkish provinces were to fall to the share of Russia, and Spain to that of France. It was after this understanding between the two sovereigns that overtures were made to England. The English negotiation took time, and before it came to a decided issue, Buonaparte declared to his senate that the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia were annexed to the dominions of his friend and ally the Emperor Alexander. When, however, Buonaparte found England determined to treat upon no basis which did not expressly admit of the evacuation of Spain, and that by entering into such terms he left a decided advantage to Russia with respect to Turkey, without reaping any benefit to himself from the political bargain made at Erfurth, he changed his views. The continental system,

which he endeavoured to justify in attributing the general calamities of Europe to a tyrannical perseverance in war on the part of England, furnished him with a sufficient pretext for engaging Russia to continue her war against Turkey, who had just entered into terms of friendship with England. On the other hand, he prevailed upon the Turkish government to insist on the restitution of the principalities occupied by the Russian armies, and to continue hostilities so long as the Russian court should withhold its consent to that measure. His desire of keeping these two powers at variance with each other could not but increase when he had subsequently formed the plan of invading Russia, who, unfeasted on one side by the Turks, and on the other by the Persians, was thus forced to employ considerable armies on distant frontiers.

The exhausted state of Turkey, the meditation of England, and the impatience of Russia, who was pressed by the hostile preparations of France, evidently intended against her, hastened the conclusion of peace in 1812 between the Mussulman powers and the Russians.

But it is pleasanter to us to follow the author in his descriptive sketches than in his politics; and only remarking that he is an advocate for giving Wallachia to Austria, we hasten to a few extracts characteristic of the country.

About two hundred and ten days of the year are holidays, and they are strictly observed by the inhabitants, as far, at least, as relates to the exclusion of all kinds of work. The public offices, although they have so great a portion of the year to remain inactive, are allowed besides, a fortnight's vacation at Easter, and during the hottest days of summer. In these useless and pernicious days of idleness, whilst the Boyars' chief occupation consists in seeking the means of killing time out of their homes, the lowest classes spend it with their earnings at the brandy-shops, where prostitutes are kept for the purpose of attracting a greater number of customers, and of propagating with vice the most horrible of all the diseases with which human nature is afflicted.

The number of this disgraceful class of females is so great at Bukarest, that the late Aga, or police director, suggested to the prince the plan of levying a capitation tax on each, whereby he would create a new revenue of some hundred thousand piasters. This plan, contrary to expectation, was not put into effect, though it was not likely to meet with obstacles.

The manners of society among the Wallachian Boyars are not remarkable for refinement. The general topics of social conversation are of the most trivial nature, and subjects of an indecent kind frequently take the place of more becoming discourse; they are seldom discouraged by scruples of any ladies present.

In the habitual state of inaction, brought

on by a natural aversion to every serious occupation, which does not immediately relate to personal interest, both sexes, enjoying the most extensive freedom of intercourse with each other, are easily led to clandestine connexion; the matrimonial faith has become merely nominal.

Various other customs contribute to the domestic disorders prevailing in a great number of private families. Parents never marry their daughters, to whatever class they may belong, without allowing them dowries beyond the proportion of their own means, and to the great detriment of their male children, who, finding themselves unprovided for, look upon marriage as the means of securing a fortune, and consequently regard it as a mere matter of pecuniary speculation. Feelings of affection or sentiments of esteem are therefore out of the question in the pursuit of matrimonial engagements, and money remains the only object in view.

When a girl has reached the age of thirteen or fourteen, her parents become anxious to procure a husband for her. They do not wait for proposals, but make the first offers, sometimes to three or four men at a time, stating with them the amount and nature of the dowry they are disposed to give. They enter into a regular negotiation when a greater amount is required, and finally settle with him who remains satisfied with the most reasonable terms. The inclinations of their daughter are never consulted on the occasion, and too great a disparity of age, or other personal defects on the part of the future husband, never appear to them objectionable. The girl is sometimes perfectly unacquainted with the man of her parents' choice; and, at her tender age, unable to form any judgment on the state of matrimony, she submits to their will with indifference. Not long after the nuptials, she is left perfect mistress of her actions, her domestic affairs are entirely put into the hands of the servants, and she never interferes with them. Neglected by her husband, and at full liberty to dispose of her time as she thinks proper, she forms connexions of intimacy with women more experienced in the world than herself. The attractions of pleasure and society become too strong to be resisted, and the example of others, with the numerous temptations that surround her, prove, sooner or later, fatal to her virtue. To the harmony which may have subsisted between her and her husband, succeeds disgust; quarrels soon follow, and blows sometimes are not spared on her. Her condition becomes at last intolerable, she quits her husband's house, sues for a divorce, and generally obtains it, however frivolous the plea in the strict sense of the law.

The church of Wallachia and Moldavia is the only one professing the Greek religion that authorises divorce; or more properly speaking, the only one that abuses the power of pronouncing it, the authority being granted to the patriarch of Constantinople on occasions of the most particular nature, and indeed never made use of.

In the principalities, the sentence of di-

orce is pronounced so frequently, the motives alleged are sometimes so frivolous, that it never affects the reputation of a woman, so as to degrade her in her ordinary rank of society; nor does it in the least become a scruple to the delicacy of the men, whatever may have been the nature of its motive.

There are but few families at Bukarest who have long continued in an uninterrupted state of domestic harmony, and fewer still who can point out some relation who has not gone through a divorce.

Sometime back, a Wallachian lady of quality, who had brought but a small fortune to her husband, became desirous of fixing her residence in one of the principal streets of the town, and she pressed him to lay aside his accustomed system of economy, to sell his estate, the revenue of which gave them the principal means of support, and to build a fine house in that street. The husband, more reasonable than herself, positively refused to listen to her extravagant proposal; and the lady, incensed at his upbraiding her for it, quitted his house, and shortly after sued for a divorce, which she obtained. This lady, who has since remained single, professed great piety, and is still considered as a very pious woman.

Not long after, a young Boyar, contrary to custom, fell in love with a very beautiful young woman, of the same rank and age. The parents of both agreed on their union, and the nuptials were celebrated by public festivities. This couple was looked upon as the only one in the country whom a strong and mutual attachment had united. At the end of the first year the husband was suddenly attacked by a pulmonary complaint, and induced by the physicians' advice to separate himself for some time from his wife, and go to Vienna in order to consult the best medical men. After eighteen months' absence, finding himself perfectly recovered, he hastened back to Bukarest impatient to see his wife, to whom he had not ceased to write, but whose letters had latterly become much less frequent. On his arrival he found the most unexpected changes in his family affairs. His wife had gone to her parents, refused to see him, and had already consented to marry another! Her father, who was the chief instigator of her sudden resolution, had negotiated the second marriage, because it suited his own interests.

The legitimate husband claimed his spouse through every possible channel; but he was not listened to, and government declined interfering.

The sentence of divorce was pronounced by the metropolitan; and, although the husband's refusal to sign the act rendered it perfectly illegal, the second marriage took place; the ceremony was performed by the archbishop in person, and public rejoicings were made on the occasion.

The circumstances of this adventure were the more remarkable, as the second husband had been married before, and divorced his wife after six weeks' cohabitation, when he saw the possibility of obtaining this lady's hand.

Another lady of the first rank separated her daughter from her husband, with whom she had lived six years, and caused a sentence of divorce to be pronounced. She gave for reason, that her daughter's constitution suffered considerably by frequent pregnancy. The husband, who was by no means inclined to the separation, and who knew his wife to enjoy the best health, made remonstrances to no effect: and he was condemned by government to give back the dowry, and to pay damages to a considerable amount, for having spent a part of it, although he proved to have employed the deficient sum for the use of his wife and family.

These three instances of the degraded state of morals in these countries are selected from numerous others that occur daily. They are such as to excite astonishment, and appear almost incredible; yet they created no other sensation at the time than other common news of the day, deserving but little notice.

The mode of instructing the Wallachians and Moldavians in the precepts of religion, is not, however, calculated to animate them with excessive zeal, and to propagate fanaticism. They are merely taught to plunge headlong into all the ridiculous of superstition, the inseparable attendant of ignorance; and it is probably owing to the total absence of fanaticism that the priesthood exercise a less powerful influence here, than they do in other Greek countries. All the ecclesiastical dignitaries being of obscure origin, and mostly of the lowest extraction, they are personally despised by the Boyars. Their spiritual power is alone respected.

The rites ordained by the established church are the same as those of the patriarchal church. Persons who have not received baptism in it, are not considered as Christians, nor even honoured with the name of such.

Frequency of confession and communion, and the punctual observance of a vast number of fast-days, during the year, are prescribed with severity. They have become the most essential points of faith, and the people believe with confidence that an exact adherence to them is sufficient to expiate the heaviest crimes, particularly after the confessor's absolution, which, in most cases, is to be obtained by the means of a good fee.

We should here have closed our notice of Mr. Wilkinson's production, had it not been for a very singular paper in the appendix: viz. "An explanation of the Nizam-y-gedid (the new military) institution," attempted to be introduced by the Ottoman government, translated from the Turkish MS. of Ishelebi-kifendi, a dignitary of high rank. The Effendi reasons in a manner so very singular that he is highly amusing to European minds, while conveying much information; and we have rarely met with an oriental document more full of whimsicality and truth, of man-

ner to entertain and matter to instruct us. We can only however select a few passages to show how the writer argues the points at issue between him and the Janizaries, who rebelled against the new system, and butchered both the Sultan and his Vizier. The worthy Effendi thus describes the beginning of the discontents.

After these points had been taken into serious consideration, some men were in the first place dispatched to the corps of the Janissaries for the purpose of selecting from them some young and chosen soldiers, whom they were to discipline and train to the use of arms. Upon this, our bravoes who are engaged in the thirty-two trades, considering that if they were obliged to attend punctually to the exercise of cannon and small arms, they would be occupied with that instead of their private affairs, and would be brought into trouble, no longer receiving their pay once in three months gratuitously, and without doing any thing for it, began to ponder the matter, stroking their beards and mustachios, and to vent their discontent by saying, "We are not made for this sort of work, and we will have nothing to do with it." Whatever pains were taken to enlighten their understandings, they obstinately persisted, addressing each other by these or similar terms, "Ho! Ali Sacka Baba, Oda Bashi, Bash Karakouloogee! what say you to this business? the exercise of the Nizam-y-Gedid is now introduced; henceforth no pay is to be had without service, and what they call exercise is very troublesome service; it is true that drawing up in a line makes a better show; but if they send us to war, we can fire our muskets, and then charging sword in hand, we can put the Russians to flight and storm their camp. May Heaven preserve from decay our corps and our chiefs! we shall then take our pay when it is issued, and pass our time agreeably." Such were their expressions, as though they could by frigid reasoning, and senseless allusions, induce the Sublime Government to abandon this enterprise, when the experience of two wars had proved beyond dispute, both the total inefficiency of their services, and the feeble condition of the Mahometan community.

After other arguments, the Effendi proceeds—

It has happened to me a thousand times to find myself engaged in dispute with a crowd of contentious fools, who say, "Is there any occasion for these new troops of the Nizam-y-Gedid? At the time that the Ottoman race conquered the world with the sabre, there were no such forces. Let the enemy present himself, and we will lay our hands on our sabres, and at a single charge make piece-meal of them. Only let us see the intentions of our enemy, we will storm their camp, sword in hand, upset their Cral from his throne, trample his crown under

\* The titles of some superior officers amongst the Janissaries.

our feet, and penetrate even to the most distant of their countries."

To these bravoes I thus addressed myself: "Hark ye, comrade! do you know that ever since the year 1146 I, as well as my father, have served with all my might in the corps of Janissaries, and have been engaged in several wars, and have seen the world both hot and cold, and feeding from the world's basket, have passed through the hoop of the elements?" Having moreover been a prisoner in the hands of the enemies of religion, I became fully acquainted with their deceit and treachery, their discipline, and the successes which they have obtained over the Sublime Government. It has thus been easy for me to gain an intimate knowledge of many things, the truth of which cannot be easily understood from the mere perusal of our annals. As I am now eighty-seven years of age, if all those affairs that have passed since the year 82, with which I am thoroughly conversant, were to be written, they would fill several volumes. There are, however, certain events taken as well from history as from what has fallen under my own observation, which I wish to relate to you; and as my discourse shall be free from malevolence and bad passions, I trust in God that you will hear me with satisfaction, and will one day bless me."

He dwells upon the effect of the introduction of discipline among the forces of the Crals of Europe, to which they resorted in consequence of their dread of the Emperor of Islam.

All the Crals being seized with consternation, after communicating with each other, held a council in a place appointed, to which they invited men of wisdom and experience. The conclusion they came to was this: "The Ottoman Emperor having introduced an admirable system into his army, and established a corps for the express purpose of keeping it up, we shall no longer be able to keep face with such well disciplined troops: as the soldiers of the Islam are naturally brave, they will fall in among us, sword in hand, and make a speedy end of us; and as the opinion which they hold that those who die in war are martyrs, and go immediately to Paradise, makes them fight with great zeal, it is evident that if we do not establish good and sufficient military regulations, the Ottomans will conquer the whole of Europe, and oblige us all to pay the Haratch. It is our business therefore to find some method of preventing those soldiers from closing with us." They concluded their conference by forming a masterly project, and inventing a method of using with expedition their cannon, muskets, and other instruments of war, and prohibiting their troops from engaging in commerce, they obliged them to pass their whole time in learning military exercises, in which they made such progress that it became at last impossible to break their ranks. In truth, it is well known to those who are acquainted with history, that in the wars which have

\* These are proverbial expressions to denote the vicissitudes of fortune.

taken place since the invention of this new system of tactics, the Ottomans have been most frequently worsted, because they found it impossible to make use of their sabres among the infidels as they wished to do; for their regular troops keep in a compact body, pressing their feet together that their order of battle may not be broken; and their cannon being polished like one of Marcovich's watches, they load twelve times in a minute, and make the bullets rain like musket balls; thus they keep us an uninterrupted discharge of artillery and small arms. When the Islamites make an attack upon them with infantry or cavalry, the enemies of our faith observe a profound silence, till the soldiers of Islam are come close up to their front, and then at once giving fire to some hundred carriage-guns, and to seventy or eighty thousand muskets, overturn our men in heaps without so much as receiving a bloody nose. When they have thus by a few volleys caused thousands of the people of Islam to drink the Sherbet of martyrdom, the surviving remnant are wont to fly.

It is a certain fact, that we have seen in the wars persons, who, having never in the course of their lives taken a gun in their hands before, but spent all their time in the exercise of some trade, and knew not what they were about, but first put the ball into their muskets, and then the powder above it. It has been sometimes proved by experience, that as these people know not how to handle their ammunition, it would be better that they should leave the army rather than remain with it; because, being of no use, they do harm by the disorder which they create. Some of our raw soldiers who do not know the proper charge of powder, by putting too great a quantity into their guns, cause them to burst, and thus maim, or even kill both themselves and those who stand near them; and many of our unpractised horsemen who, when mounted on their steeds, fancy themselves the heroes of the age, and would not deign to give a salutation even to their own fathers, when they draw their sabres in action, wound the heads of their horses, and thus cover themselves and their beasts with blood; this awkwardness of theirs causes those who see it to utter ejaculations of surprise. In short, it is evident to men of understanding, that as the talents of reading, writing, riding on horseback, shooting with the bow, playing on an instrument, and other similar acquirements, will not come spontaneously to persons unskilled, and un instructed in them; so likewise victory cannot be obtained without a knowledge of the art of war, which is a particular, and noble branch of science, independent of others.

There are indeed certain considerations which may induce us to pardon those calumniators of the Nizam-y-Gedid, who are very wise connected with the old corps; but do those persons who are by no means attached to them, and who know the difference between alum and sugar, and between good and evil, show any sense in daring to abuse

\* Markwick Markham, a London watch-maker in great esteem with the Turks.

so noble a science? Their perverseness and obstinacy are astonishing, seeing that, notwithstanding the taste which the infidel race has always had of our raw troops, they do not allow it to be sufficiently proved, that if a war should break out, these ignorant beasts pressing together in masses of one or two thousand men, will be unable to resist the tactic of the enemy.

The writer relates instances of panic and flight, disgraceful to the old troops, and of the loss of their cooking kettles, the greatest infamy that can befall a Turkish regiment. On the other hand, he praises the bravery and efficacy of the Nizam-y-Gedid; for example, against the mountaineers of Rumelia.

Since that insolent race first showed themselves, several Veziers and other officers had been sent against them without effect. Having formed the wicked design of destroying the Nizam-y-Gedid institution from its roots, they now exerted their whole strength and gave battle. Although the regular troops had with them neither their cannon, howitzers, or mounted men, and were engaged in the midst of a severe winter, snow, rain, and mud, and though the rebels were strongly posted in a town, they nevertheless marched up to the attack, and without regarding the advantageous position of the insurgents, while they were themselves up to the knees in mud and water, they knocked down half of the rebels like rotten pears, sending their souls to hell, and obliged the rest to fly. In a short time the field of action was covered with the vile carcasses of the rebels, and those who were taken alive reported that they called out to each other, "Ah! comrade, these troops which they call Nizam-y-Gedid, are not what we took them for." In these exclamations they betrayed the sense of their own inferiority. Every one knows that at last those rascals, unable to make a stand on any side, climbed the mountains by night, and fled.

He also panegyrizes the stratagems to which his favourite troops resort; and as he justifies these in a whimsical manner, we shall take leave of this curious picture of the military force of Turkey with the illustration.

Should it happen that the enemy is as skilful and well trained as themselves, and employs against them the same discipline, then of the two parties, that will be victorious whose chiefs are enabled, by the favour of Divine Providence, to put in practice with superior address, the new science and stratagems of war which they have learned, because the apostle of the Most High, our great prophet (on whom be the blessings and peace of God!) himself condescended to use military stratagems. This sacred tradition is thus related.

During a holy war which was carried on in the happy time of the apostle of God, (on whom be peace!) a certain valiant champion of the enemy's army came out to offer single

combat, and demanded that the glorious Alli should be opposed to him. Alli, well pleasing to God, having received the command of the Apostle, girded on his sword only, and immediately went forth alone to the place appointed for the combat. When this friend of the Most High met that infidel, he thus addressed him: "I come on foot having one sword; why come you out on horseback having two swords and two bows?" The great Alli spoke to him again, saying "let these things be so; but I come out alone to give battle on our side, why do you bring another man and come both together?" The infidel, at this question, looked about him believing that another man had followed him, when at the same instant, the great Alli, in the twinkling of an eye, made the vile head of the reprobate fly off. The death of the said wicked person having been a source of joy to the followers of Islam, the excellent Alli, meeting the great prophet on his return, related to him the admirable strategem by means of which he had slain that wretch. This holy tradition has been vouchsafed unto us.

*The Tribute of a Friend.* By N. T. H. Bayly, St. Mary Hall, Oxford. Oxford, 1819. 8vo. pp. 15.

*Mournful Recollections.* The same, 1820. pp. 18.

*Small Talk.* The same. 1820, pp. 18.

Of these slight productions, the two former belong to the pathetic, and the last to the gayer class of poetry. They have given us a favourable opinion of the author in both. He seems to possess two very essential qualities for a poet—feeling and fancy; and his general talent is decidedly worthy of being stimulated to a more elevated and continuous flight than any it has hitherto undertaken. The friend whose premature death called forth the elegiac tribute was Thomas Walter Clarke Darby, of St. John's College, who died in November last, aged 18; and the following quotation will show how affectionately he was mourned.

Again—again—oh! let me hear you speak, Call me, embrace me, look on me again; My hand is on your forehead, it shall seek To give relief, and mitigate your pain; And yours will soon press mine—'tis only weak. Hope cannot be quite lost—life must remain. I see his bosom heave, I hear his breath—Tis sleep—'tis stupor—any thing but death. It is not death—though motionless he lies, That may of ease and slumber be a token: No friendly glance now beams from those dim eyes.

By those pale lips no feeble words are spoken. Far better were complaints, and painful sighs, Than silence—silence never to be broken! Yet still he sleeps—we may in time restore—No, no—his sleep is death—he wakes no more. My task is over; and I'll not repine, Since all his tedious pangs are at an end;

Beside his bed I shall no more recline, To all his whispered wants, no more attend: I ne'er shall see his moist eyes fixed on mine, In silent recognition of his friend; I never more shall cool his fevered brow, Or bathe his cheeks—all, all are icy now.

He eulogizes the virtues of his loved companion, and draws a natural and affecting picture of youthful hopes disappointed.

When last we parted, his young heart was sad; But we were full of hope, that future days Would bring a happy meeting; and we had Delightful plans, projecting many ways Of being blest together; he was glad.

To press my hand; and he would often raise Schemes of unbounded pleasure shared with me—

This might have been—but this can never be.

We thought of happy meetings—and we met—

But never to be happy: grief and pain Had chang'd his cheerful face; my eyes were wet

With tears I laboured to conceal in vain.

I feel his feeble arms embrace me yet, Whilst mine were thrown around him; and again

I hear him whisper in a gentle tone "My dear, dear friend—I never had but one."

I followed as a mourner to the scene

Where he lies buried now; and I returned—In tears returned to be where he has been, And spend my life without him.

There are few compositions more difficult than the pourings out of heartfelt lamentation. If art is visible, the effect of nature is destroyed; and, if some art is not employed, the mere ebullitions of grief are crude and uninviting. The happy medium has, we think, been hit by Mr. Bayly, as far as his verse pretends; and he preserves his consistency to the end; which is more than can be said for Lord Lyttleton's Monody, or other celebrated effusions of this kind.

The Mournful Recollections are of similar character. They thus commence.

O Time! I ask thee not to steal away My present grief; I wish not to be gay: My heart were worthless, could thy hand remove

My deep affliction for the Friend I love. Bring me not smiles, though cheerfulness returns,

And lights the mourner's cheek, his heart still mourns;

A smile can never cure, though it conceals

The hopeless anguish which the bosom feels; Forgetfulness alone can cure regret; And whilst I live, I never can forget.

The following lines breathe the same pensive spirit.—

Short was the season of our joy; it passed in mutual delight, too sweet to last; When young, and fair, and innocently gay, His fancy pictur'd many a happy day; The hand of sickness smote him: ev'ry limb Was weakened and unner'd;—how unlike him

Who moved so lately, with his merry glance, First in the sport, and lightest in the dance. I was his constant nurse;—and though I shed Tears of unfeigned affection o'er the dead; It soothes me, when I think that I was there, Watching his sickly form with trembling care. That kneeling by his side, he often heard My voice join him in prayer, and ev'ry word Of heavenly truth, a consolation gave, Which softened all the terrors of the grave. It was my arm which always raised him up; From me alone he took the medicine cup; When hot, and faint with thirst, my hand suppled.

His last cool draught;—and in my arms he died.

Oh! there are feelings Time can never blot, Years may elapse—they cannot be forgot; His dying look—though months have passed away—

It haunts me still—it seems but yesterday.— It is an easy task, for hearts at rest, To talk of brighter days to the distressed; To shew us joys the future may reveal, And speak of that composure, which they feel. They may remind us tears, and sighs, are vain; Alas! can hopelessness diminish pain? They say when God afflicts us, it is fit That men should suffer meekly, and submit; Yes, we submit, and place our trust alone. In one last hope,—to go where they are gone. We know his dispensations must be borne, We bow to his behest; yet still we mourn; Religion teaches us to hope for bliss;— But in another region—not in this.

But we leave these pieces of sombre colouring to give a part of the livelier picture, entitled *SMALL TALK*, which, notwithstanding its name, is a great subject. After a playful invocation, and description of the present mania for writing, the critics come in for their due notice.

But critics all my bidding hopes may blight; They're vastly disagreeable, no doubt; When sparks peep forth affecting to be bright, With large extinguishers they put them out: These vile Reviews annihilate us quite, And spoil our daily rest, like fits of gout; Yes, just like gouty fits, for they appear Ar pericdical, and as severe.

But I profess to be, and am indeed One of the lofty highly favoured few; I'll scribble in security, nor heed Aught the severest of the throng can do: They tell us what we may, or may not read; What with applause, or censure we may view:

They awe small wits—to that I don't object, It makes us greater wits the more select.

They may be mischievous at times, I own, When private pique or malice intervenes; Though vast decision sits upon their frown,

They're not infallible by any means:

Some in maturity have met renown, Whose lays were damned in toto, in their teens: Great critics (like great poets) sense have got, Small critics (like small poets) have it not.

Some very knowing persons ne'er peruse Old books or new, though they adorn their shelves; But monthly or else quarterly they use Opinions borrowed from reviewing clowns;

And thus, whilst they are taking in Reviews,  
They're very often taken in themselves.  
Judgments are dangerous at second hand—  
We should not prize unless we understand  
A painter might as well attempt to trace  
A distant prospect which he never saw;  
The Devil's bridge, or any other place  
Unknown, it would be difficult to draw;  
Yet ere they read a book, with wondrous  
Grace,  
Men praise a beauty, or condemn a flaw;  
When knobs are named, and others praise or  
blame;  
They look exceeding wise, and do the same.  
This is no imaginary sketch, but the  
portraits are met every day. Other  
species of Small Talk are illustrated;  
but we can select only a specimen.  
Small talk is indispensable at routs,  
But more so at a little coterie.  
Where friends in number eight—or thereon  
bouts—

Meets to enjoy jocularity and tea,  
If small talk were abolished, I've my doubts  
If ladies would survive to fifty-three;  
Nor shall the stigma, ladies, fall on you,  
Men love a little bit of small talk too.  
What changes there would be, if no tongues ran  
Except in sober sense and conversation;  
There's many a communicative man  
Would take to silence and to cogitation;  
Twould stop old minds (if aught that's earthly  
can)

And cut the thread of many an oration.  
Old bachelors would dawdle through the day,  
And go on in a very humdrum way.  
What would become of those who, when at  
prayers,  
Lean down their heads and whisper in their  
pews:  
Those at the play who give themselves such  
airs,  
Careful each celebrated speech to lose?  
How would the poor man suffer, who prepares  
For small snug parties which he can't refuse?  
What would become of all the gay pursuits,  
If all gay people suddenly turned mutos?  
Partners at balls would look extremely blue,  
Whilst waiting for their turn to point the  
toe;  
Youths tête-à-tête would scarce know what  
to do,  
Over their juice of grape, or juice of sloe;

Two people in a chaise might travel through  
England and Wales—and they in fact might  
go  
Over the continent, and all the way  
Be confidential once or twice a day.  
Lovers would think it very hard, I fear,  
If sober sense they were condemned to speak;  
Husbands and wives a voice would seldom hear,  
Unless it happened to be washing week;  
The language of the eyes, I think, 'tis clear,  
Old married people very seldom seek:  
(Couples oft disagree, I'm told)—but this  
Is just by way of a parenthesis.

How very peaceable we should be then,  
None would have words, e'en bullies would  
be dumb;  
How changed would be the busy hum of men;  
The fame of certain wits would prove a hum;  
Tatlers, deprived of speech, would seize a pen;  
They are a nuisance not to be o'ercome;  
Schemers the crocodiles no more would balk,  
For Schemes would very rarely end in talk.

These changes are not all;—I'll not proceed,  
I've mentioned quite enough in my narration;  
They'd be so universal, that indeed  
They'd baffle any man's investigation.  
To calculate them all—I must exceed  
George Bidder, who is famed for calculation.  
Arithmetick to him's a pleasant game—  
He lisped in numbers, for the numbers  
came?"

There are two or three short poems;  
but we have, at least looking at the  
bulk of the works before us, transgressed  
all bounds: we trust the extracts  
will be our apology.

*Memoir of the Early Campaigns of the  
Duke of Wellington in Portugal and  
Spain.* By an Officer employed in  
his Army. London, 1820. 8vo.  
pp. 234.

This well-written and intelligent re-  
cord of events, deeply interesting to  
every Briton, affords a capital contrast  
to the Buonapartean histories of that  
general's wars, which have lately in-  
undated us. The candour and modesty  
of the English writer, his fairness and  
manly truth, are sterling proofs of na-  
tional honour and honesty, opposed to  
the false-colourings and falsehoods on  
the other side, which have so forcibly  
brought to our minds the line of Burns:

"Some books are lies from end to end."

The perfect information to which it is  
evident the author had access, the  
handsome manner in which, as a sol-  
dier, and the able manner in which, as a  
historian, he has availed himself of it,  
gives this work a peculiar claim to at-  
tention, and enhances the value of that  
which, even in common hands, would  
have been valuable from the intrinsic im-  
portance of the subject. We have heard it  
ascribed to the pen of Lord Burghersh, and  
readily believe that a production so  
distinguished for strict veracity, plain-  
dealing, liberality, exalted sentiment,  
justice, knowledge, and observation  
emanated from a British nobleman,  
whose gallant services afforded him the  
opportunities requisite for becoming ac-  
quainted with events; and whose en-  
lightened mind dictated the statement  
of facts in the best possible shape.

The period embraced is from the com-  
mencement of Sir Arthur Wellesley's career  
on the peninsula, to the final expulsion of  
Massena from Portugal; namely, from July  
1808, to May 1811, and including the battles  
of Vimiera, Corunna, Talavera, Busaco, and  
Fuentes d'Homor; the convention of Cintra,  
and other affairs of the utmost moment. In  
a political, as well as in a military point of  
view, the narration is singularly meritorious,  
and we greatly admire the simple straight-  
forwardness with which the noble officer un-

folds springs and describes results, hitherto,  
we will say, very imperfectly understood by  
the public. The conduct of Sir Harry Bur-  
ghersh, and Sir Hew Dalrymple, during their  
brief commands, the course and character of  
the brave Sir John Moore, the real causes of  
the abandonment of the wounded at Talavera  
by Cuesta (not by the English general), the  
interior movements and intrigues of the Span-  
ish juntas, and the remarkable position of the  
combatants and issue of their measures  
at Torres Vedras, are more clearly explained  
than we have ever seen them before; and  
most unquestionable materials for future history  
provided by a book as unostentatiously  
put forth as it is ably executed.

It is not our intention to follow the  
noble Lord into details, but we shall  
extract a few leading passages to illustrate  
the publication and substantiate  
the opinion we have ventured to pro-  
nounce. The atrocities committed by  
the enemy are more than once noticed,  
and with perhaps greater generosity  
than just abhorrence, the author endeavours  
to palliate these inhuman practices,  
so disgraceful to the soldiers of a  
civilized country. When the English  
troops first landed on the banks of the  
Mondego—

The French were in possession of Lisbon,  
and the country north of it as far as Leyria,  
which has been recaptured from the Portu-  
guese by a force under the orders of General  
Margarion. On the entry of the French into  
this town, they committed the most atrocious  
acts of cruelty. As an instance of  
the brutality of a superior officer, the —  
of — related of himself, that upon enter-  
ing the town, he met a woman with a  
child at her breast, that the appearance of  
the infant excited his pity, but " *en rap-  
pant qu'il était soldat*," he pierced the two  
bodies with a single thrust of his sword. When the English advanced-guard arrived  
there, it found in one of the convents the dead bodies of several monks, who had been  
killed by the French soldiers; some of whom  
had dipped their hands in the blood of their  
unfortunate victims, and had daubed with it  
the walls of the convent.

\* The cruelties committed by the French  
army in this instance, and throughout the whole  
of its campaigns in Portugal, had their origin  
in the nature of the war in which it was now  
for the first time engaged. Till this period,  
wherever the French soldiers had established  
themselves, whether by the defeat of the armies  
which defended the country invaded, or other-  
wise, they found the people submitting to their  
rule; when, in Portugal, therefore, the nation  
rose in hostility against them, they considered  
such resistance as rebellion, and looked upon  
the inhabitants taken in arms, as disturbers of  
the public peace, and therefore entitled to no  
mercy or consideration. The officers also hoped,  
by inflicting vengeance on the patriots, to arrest  
the progress of an insurrection which menaced  
their total overthrow. It would not be fair to  
argue, from the conduct of the French in Portu-  
gal, that in other situations they would be led  
to adopt similar proceedings.

At a subsequent period we have a similar picture of horror.

Lord Wellington evacuated Coimbra on the approach of the enemy, upon the 1st of October; the town had generally been quitted by the higher classes of inhabitants during the preceding days; a considerable proportion, however, still remained, hoping that the enemy might yet be prevented from getting possession of it. But about ten o'clock on the morning of the first, there was suddenly an alarm that the enemy was approaching; the report was soon magnified into his having entered; and at one burst the whole of the remaining inhabitants ran shrieking from the town. The bridge, which is very long and narrow, was at once choked by the crowds which were pouring upon it; and the unhappy fugitives, who found their flight impeded, threw themselves into the river, and waded through it. The Mondego was fortunately not deep at this time, the dry season had kept it shallow; but there were three or four feet of water in many of the places where the unfortunate inhabitants passed it. In the midst of all the horrors of this scene; of the cries of the wretched people who were separated from their families; of those who were leaving their homes, their property, their only means of subsistence, without the prospect of procuring where-withal to live for the next day, and of those who believed the enemy (with his train of unheard-of cruelties) at their heels; the ear was most powerfully arrested by the screams of despair which issued from the gaol, where the miserable captives, who saw their countrymen escaping, believed that they should be left victims to the ferocity of the French.

The shrieks of these unhappy people were fortunately heard by Lord Wellington; who sent his aide-de-camp, Lord March, to relieve them from their situation; and thus the last of the inhabitants of Coimbra escaped from the enemy.

It is not in the nature of this work to dwell upon scenes of misery, such as have been now described; but the recollection of them will last long on the minds of those who witnessed them. The cruelties of the French had made an impression upon the Portuguese, that nothing could efface; it seemed to be beyond the power of man to await the enemy's approach. The whole country fled before him; and if any of the unhappy fugitives were discovered and chased by a French soldier, they abandoned every thing to which the human mind is devoted, to escape from what they looked upon as more than death, the grasp of their merciless invaders. Innumerable instances of these melancholy truths might be detailed; but it would waste the time of the reader, and the relations of the horrid acts committed by the French would be too shocking to dwell upon.

Nor shall we dwell on these savage barbarities, which could only be perpetrated by monsters hateful to human nature, for whom hell, rather than earth, was a fit scene of action.\* That

meanness is a concomitant of cruelty, is made manifest by the following anecdotes relative to the evacuation of Portugal after the convention with Junot.

After the signature of the convention by Sir Hew Dalrymple, at Torres Vedras, and not at Cintra, as has generally been supposed, two officers, Major General Beresford and Lord Proby, were sent into Lisbon to superintend its execution. The history of their disputes with the French would hardly be believed. It would be interesting to record them, as instances from which the characters of many of the individuals belonging to the French army might be collected, and the value of their point of honour appreciated.

The first object to which the attention of the British commissioners for the execution of the convention was drawn, was to enforce the spirit of that instrument, by preventing the French from carrying off the plunder of Portugal. With this view General Junot, after much opposition on his part, was constrained to issue an order to his army, requiring it to deliver up, into the hands of the commissioners appointed for that purpose, every species of plundered property which it retained in its possession. Within a few hours, however, of the issuing of this order, information was brought to Major General Beresford, that Colonel Cambyses, aide-de-camp to General Junot, had seized upon the Prince Regent's horses, had carried them from the royal stables, and was embarking them as the property of General Junot.

The statement, upon being inquired into, was found to be correct, and General Kellerman was applied to, to prevent this robbery; he immediately attacked Colonel Cambyses with great severity of language, and ordered the horses to be restored.

The next day an attempt of the same sort, by the same officer, was made upon one of the carriages belonging to the Duke of Sussex, which was actually embarked; Major General Beresford, upon being made acquainted with it, sent his aide-de-camp to Colonel Cambyses, to remonstrate with him (in terms not very agreeable) upon the repetition of a conduct so disgraceful to the character of an officer. This lecture was, however, of but little avail, for during the time that General Beresford's aide-de-camp was speaking, the second carriage belonging to the Duke of Sussex was removed to the river, for the same purpose of embarkation;

several was before the Lines at Torres Vedras, the French subsisted solely on the plunder of the country they occupied. The irregular manner in which this mode of obtaining supplies was conducted led to the perpetration of the most revolting atrocities. Torture inflicted upon the inhabitants, to extract from them the secret of their depots of provisions and property, was one of the expedients most common to the French soldiery. The murder of the peasantry seemed to be committed without remorse: the capture of the women was converted often into a source of profit. Nothing more revolting to the mind of civilized man can be produced, than the list of horrors committed during this lamentable period.

both carriages were afterwards recovered, and Colonel Cambyses threatened with a voyage to England as a prisoner, if he continued a line of conduct such as he had till then pursued. Various other traits might be related of this officer, but an act of General J——'s, will be more interesting, and more worthy of record: he had carried off a considerable number of pictures, and embarked them on board his own vessel, from the house of the Marchioness of Anjou; upon being required to give them up, he answered, that they had been given to him. This having been found to be incorrect, he denied all knowledge of the transaction, and impeached a relation of his who was on board the ship with him, but who immediately proceeded to one of the transports, where he hoped to remain concealed. A threat of preventing the General from sailing, till the pictures were disgorged, soon brought this gentleman back to the frigate, and Captain Percy directed him to go on shore to give an account of the transaction; he refused, however, to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the commissioners, and declared his determination not to land. The bayonets of the marines were called for, to persuade him; they proved effectual, the gentleman was landed, and soon after, the pictures were returned. Another general officer, on the day of his embarkation, carried off, from the office of the commissioners, all the papers and documents which he was able to collect, in a short visit he made to it while the commissioners were absent; and if he had not been driven back to Lisbon by contrary winds (when he was forced to return them) would have involved their proceedings in complete confusion.

How much the English soldiery were annoyed at the interruption of their victories by the convention, is whimsically painted in the annexed.

The feeling of the army which had fought the battle of Vimiera, was at this time most hostile to the armistice which had been agreed upon.

The expression of a private in one of the regiments which had most gallantly asserted the superiority of the British arms, deserves to be recorded: whilst marching in his column to Sobral, he appeared to be looking for something which he had lost; and upon being asked what he was in search of, replied, *ten days*, which he believed he should never find again.

The following is also a curious incident, connected with the same event.

The corps under the orders of Sir John Moore marched from Torres Vedras to Mafrá. The leading division, under Major General the Honourable Edward Paget, had nearly reached that place, when a French officer, who commanded a picket in the town, desired that the English army would not advance, as he had no orders to retire; the circumstance was reported to Sir Hew Dalrymple, who attempted to persuade the French officer to evacuate, but finding his efforts ineffectual, and being desirous to avoid engaging in any fresh hostilities, he

\* During the whole of this period, (while Mass-

ordered his troops to bivouac, for the night, on the ground they occupied. The next morning the French officer sent word, that he had received orders to retire with his 100 men; and that the British army was at liberty to enter the town. This story was the occasion of much witicism among the soldiers.

Lord B.'s reflections on the fatal and glorious battle of Corunna appear to us to be exceedingly just.

Thus ended the second campaign in which the British troops had been engaged in the Peninsula. It would be a melancholy task to canvass it throughout; the last action was worthy of the men that have since delivered Spain from its merciless invaders; but the movements which preceded it were far from being generally approved. Great difficulties were indeed opposed to Sir John Moore; but it would appear that in his own mind they were too highly rated. He discharged his duty to his country, however, with his utmost zeal. He died fighting to maintain its glory, and his name will ever be ranked amongst its heroes.

Having, by these selections, shewn the quality of this work, we shall only add two or three further miscellaneous extracts.

An incident which took place on the night of the surrender of Almeida, deserves to be mentioned, to shew the hostility of the Portuguese peasantry to the French. Colonel Pavetti, the chief of the gens d'armerie of France, in Spain, had gone to Almeida with Marshal Massena, when he left his headquarters at the fort of La Conception, to induce the garrison to surrender; when the firing recommenced, Colonel Pavetti (who was unwell) set out upon his return to his quarters; he was accompanied by a Lieutenant-Colonel, a Captain, and twelve men; the night was extremely dark and stormy, and he lost his way. He met with a Portuguese shepherd, whom he took for his guide, and who promised to conduct him (the vengeance of these Frenchmen hanging over him) to the fort of La Conception. But this peasant could not resist his feelings of animosity; he found courage to mislead the party, and under the pretence of having missed his way, brought it to his own village. He persuaded Colonel Pavetti to put up for the night in the house of the Juca de Forn, and pretended that he would procure provisions for him. Instead, however, of employing himself in that way, he collected the inhabitants, fell upon the French, killed them all except the colonel, whom he beat most severely, and his servant who staved himself to be a German. The next day the colonel was brought, with two ribs broken and other damages, to the head-quarters of Lord Wellington; where he was attended to, and afterwards sent prisoner to England.

To appreciate this event, it must be remembered that it took place in the middle of an army of 60,000 Frenchmen; that their revenge awaited those who were concerned in it; but that, notwithstanding, the animo-

sity of the Portuguese was too strong to be resisted by any calculations of the retaliation which was likely to follow the act that was committed.

On the retreat to Torres Vedras, it is judiciously remarked.—

We have thus conducted the British army to the termination of one of the most extraordinary operations which was ever carried into effect; the boldness of the original conception, as well as the perseverance and success with which it was executed, will command the admiration of all military men. The ascendancy which the character and talents of Lord Wellington had obtained over the minds of all those who were within his guidance, or control, could alone have enabled him to effect a plan which involved in it such fearful consequences. To have persuaded a foreign government and army, but lately subjected to his direction, to abandon the greater proportion of their country almost without a struggle, to the ravages of an invader; to see his approach to the capital without fear or hesitation, speaks of itself a confidence in the talents of the commander which is without example. Not less extraordinary was the mode in which a movement in retreat was executed from Almeida to Torres Vedras, a distance of 150 miles, in presence of a superior army, whose object was, by every exertion in its power, to harass the corps opposed to it; yet not a straggler was overtaken; no article of baggage captured; no corps of infantry, except where the invaders were routed at Busaco, was ever seen or molested. Of all the retreats which have ever been executed, this deserves most to be admired. The steady principle on which it was carried into effect could alone have secured its success. Lord Wellington never swerved from his purpose; the various changes which every day occur in war, made no impression on his determination. The great event of a battle, such as that of Busaco, won over an enemy who was surrounded by an hostile nation, never induced him to change the plan of operations which he was convinced would in the end produce the most decisive advantages. Guided by such a principle, Lord Wellington was enabled triumphantly to execute his plan; the successes which have since attended his career are the best evidences of its wisdom. It is a singular circumstance, that when in his turn Massena had to conduct his army in retreat over nearly the same ground to the frontiers of Spain, although he had the advantages of making his preparations in secret, and of disguising the import of putting it into execution, yet he was constantly overtaken; the corps of his army beaten and harassed; and in every action which he was compelled to fight, he was driven with loss and disaster from his positions.

Lord Wellington placed his army on the ground marked out for it in the course of the 8th, 9th, and 10th of October. The lines, as they have been termed, extended from Alhendra to the mouth of the Zizandra; the whole distance may be computed

at about twenty-five miles from right to left. The term of lines was but little applicable to them; the defences procured by art were confined to closed redoubts placed upon the most essential points, and calculated to resist, although the enemy's troops might have established themselves in their rear. They were thus enabled to protect the formation of the army upon any point attacked, before the enemy could bring cannon in operation with the troops which he might have pushed forward between them.

From this period, the 12th of November 1810, to the 4th of March, 1811, both armies retained their respective positions; the only events of any importance, were the arrival of the 9th corps of 10,000 men, commanded by General Cte. Erlon, which was placed by Massena to protect his right at Leiria; and the junction of 5,000 men, who were brought by General Foy upon his return from Paris, where he had been sent by Massena; soon after his arrival opposite our lines, to render an account of the operations of the French army, and of its situation. Buonaparte received the relation of these events with much indifference; and observed upon the excuses General Foy was directed to make, for the loss of the battle of Busaco, "Ah bah! les Anglais de tout temps ont battu les Français."

We cannot conclude better. Waterloo must have riveted the conviction.

*Biographia Curiosa; or Memoirs of Remarkable Characters of the Reign of George the Third. With their Portraits. Collected from the most authentic sources.* By George Smeeton.

Of this publication, which is to consist of thirty monthly numbers, making three volumes, No. 1 has appeared. It contains accounts and portraits of the Corsican Fairy, of William Stevenson a Scotch beggar, of Elias Hoyle a Yorkshire centenarian, and of Sam House a Westminster-publivian and republican. The engravings are executed in a good style, and the matter is amusing: we quote the simple annals of Hoyle as a specimen.

"This venerable man was native of Sowerby, in Yorkshire, being, at the time the accompanying portrait was taken, 113 years of age. His life is another convincing proof of the invaluable blessings of sobriety and industry; for, by his labour alone, "that offspring of want and mother of health," he maintained a numerous family in glorious independence; not one of them receiving parochial relief, although he was only a journeyman mechanic: he was enabled to follow his employment till he was 110 years old.

Yorkshire has produced more instances of longevity than any county in England: the cause of which is probably to be ascribed to the salubrity of the air, and sobriety of its inhabitants. The following is a list of persons who resided in Yorkshire, and attained the age of a century and upwards.

\* Vile Easton's Longevity.

Alice Atkinson, of the city of York, aged 109: died 1749.—Jane Atkins, of the city of York, 100: died 1761.—Ann Armstrong, of Aldbrough, 114: died 1765.—Jane Blake, of North Leeds, 114: died 1768.—Margaret Bardemer, of Leeds, 102: died 1765.—Robert Butterfield, of Halifax, 102; who from 40 years industry as a wool stapler, acquired a fortune of 40,000*l.* he died 1781.—S. Brigg, of Hooper Hall, near Craven, 100: died 1802.—William Birkhead, of Brork House near Cleckheaton, 100: died 1797.—Francis Conist, † of Burythorpe near Malton, 150: died 1768.—Ralph Coulson, of Grimstone, 107: died 1771.—Margaret Champney, of Carlton, 102: died 1782.—Mary Cousen, of Wakefield, 103: died 1790.—Peter Deline, esq. of Leeds, 104: died 1773.—Mrs. Dawson, of Wakefield, 101: died 1798.—Mr. Frank, of Pontefract, 109: died 1782.—Marry Gummersell, near Wakefield, 107. She was mother of 14 children; grandmother to 33; great grandmother to 84, and great great grandmother to 25: in all 156 descendants; she died 1763.—Thomas Garbut, of Hurworth, 101: died 1773.—William Gibson, farmer, of Hutton Bush, 102: died 1796.—Ann Hatfield, of Tinsley, 105: died 1770.—Mary Hall, of Bishop Hill, of which place she was sexton, 105: died 1759.—Elizabeth Hodgson, of Scampston, 110: died 1759.—William Hughes, of Tadcaster, 127: died 1769.—William Harwick, of Leeds, 100: died 1772.—John Houseman, of Sessays near Thirsk, 111: died 1777.—Jonathan Hartop, 5,

† He was very temperate in his living, and used great exercise, which together with his occasionally eating a raw new-laid egg, enabled him to obtain so extraordinary an age.

‡ James Hatfield died the same year, at the same age. He was formerly a soldier; when on duty as a sentinel at Windsor, one night, at the expiration of his guard, he heard St. Paul's clock in London, strike thirteen, strokes instead of twelve, and not being relieved as he expected, he fell asleep; in which situation he was found by the succeeding guard, who soon after came to relieve him: for such neglect he was tried by a court martial, but pleading that he was on duty his legal time, and asserting, as a proof, the singular circumstance of hearing St. Paul's clock strike 15 strokes, which upon inquiry proving true, he was in consequence acquitted.

§ His father and mother died of the plague in their house in the Minories in 1766: and he perfectly well remembered the great fire of London. He was short in stature; had been married five times; and left 7 children, 26 grand children, 74 great grand children, and 140 great great grand children. He could read to the last without spectacles, and play at cribbage with the most perfect recollection. On Christmas day 1789, he walked nine miles, to dine with one of his great grand children. He remembered Charles II. and once travelled from London to York with the facetious Killigrew. He eat but little, and his only beverage was milk. He enjoyed an uninterrupted flow of spirits. The third wife of this very extraordinary man was an illegitimate daughter of Oliver Cromwell, who gave with her a portion amounting to about 300 pounds. He possessed a fine portrait of Cromwell by Cooper, for which a Mr. Hollis offered 300 pounds, but

of Aldbrough near Boroughbridge, 138: died 1791.—Mary Halmshaw, of Wakefield, 102.—The celebrated Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton upon Swale, 169: died 1670.—Ann Johnson, of Aldbrough, 102: died 1766.—Joan Jones, of Gisborough, 103: died 1772.—Samuel Johnson, of Bridlington, 104: died 1779.—Mary Jackson, of Cropton, 104: died 1789.—George Kirton, esq. of Oxon Hall, 125: died 1769.—Mary Kershaw, of Pontefract, 103: died 1788.—Robert Laurence, of Gisborough, 100: died 1761.—Daniel Legro, esq. of Leeds, 103: died 1771.—Thomas Loveday, of Scrooby, 101: died 1789.—Richard Matheron, of Ripley, 102: died 1766.—Mrs. Moore, of Rigby, 107: died 1768.—Mrs. Mawhood, of Pontefract, 100: died 1792.—Mrs. Ogden of Holbeck, near Leeds, 106: died 1795.—Robert Oglebie \*, of Rippon, 115: died 1762.—Mrs. Pilkington, of Bicester, 107: died 1757.—John Phillips †, of Thorn near Leeds, 117: died 1742.—Samuel Paudames, of Yeddington, 105: died 1792.—Martha Preston, of Barnsley, 125: died 1769.—Eleanor Raiston, of Jarrow Quay, 102: died 1785.—Bartholomew Rymer, of Rippon, 100: died 1791.—John Shepherd of Tadcaster, 109: died 1757.—James Simpson, near Knaresborough, 112: died 1766.—Joshua Simpson, esq. of Halsley, near Leeds, 104: died 1780.—Margaret Scurrall, of Honiton, 108: died 1784.—James Sampler, of Oshaldwick, 103: died 1791.—Mrs. Tate, of Malton, 106: died 1772.—Joseph Thompson, of Walniate Bar, 103: died 1781.—Mrs. Todd, of Richmon, 105: died 1789.—Mr. Wright, of Hatton, 102: died 1776.—Mr. Wheatley,

was refused. Mr. Hartop lent the great Milton 50 pounds soon after the restoration, which the bard returned him with honour, though not without much difficulty, as his circumstances were very low: Mr. Hartop would have declined receiving it, but the pride of the poet was equal to his genius, and he sent the money with an angry letter, which was found among the curious possessions of this venerable old man.

¶ She had been a widow upwards of 50 years, and her faculties were unimpaired to the last. Such was her health and activity, that, when in her 77th year, she walked from Wakefield to London, a distance of 184 miles, and returned again on foot.

† He was a most remarkable fox hunter, following the chase on horseback till he was 80 years of age; from that period to 100 years he regularly attended the unkeenelling the fox in his single chair.

\*\* A travelling tinker, he was married 73 years, and had 12 sons and 13 daughters, had all his senses perfect, and could set to work a short time previous to his death.

†† He lived under 8 crowned heads, and was able to walk till within a few days of his death. His teeth were good and his sight and hearing tolerable. At about the age of 20, being constable of his parish, he, upon some disorders, committed two of Oliver Cromwell's soldiers to the town stocks: the Protector far from resenting it, wished that every one of his police officers had but half his courage.

§§ He was a man of good health and activity. He was game keeper to Sir Bellingham Graham, Bart. of Norton Conyers; and shot game flying in his 99th year.

of Leeds, 106: died 1780.—Mr. Whip, of Bishop Wilton, 115: died 1784.—Mrs. Wharton, of Thirsk, 103: died 1791.—Major Wilkins, of York, 100: died 1756.—Sarah Wight, of Breray, 106: died 1760.—Henry Wells, of Whitby, 109: died 1794.—Susannah Wood, of Newton upon the Ouse, 109: died 1780. \*

If the ensuing Numbers are as entertaining as this, there can be no doubt, but that like most magazines of this sort, the *Biographia Curiosa* will be very popular.

### The Percy Anecdotes. Part III. Youth. pp. 180.

The third monthly Number of this excellent little work has appeared, and is devoted to illustrate various sorts of precocity. We select from several hundred stories, half a dozen, as samples of the Editors' skill.

The last but one seems to indicate that they have a real existence; and that the names of Sholto and Reuben Percy are not merely assumption.

Prince Henry, Son of James I.—Prince Henry, the son of James I. (of England,) who perished in his eighteenth year, possessed all the elements of an heroic and military character. Had he lived to ascend the throne, the days of Agincourt and Cressy would have revived, and Henry IX. have rivalled Henry V. whom he resembled in his features. This youth has furnished the subject of an interesting volume: and in the British Museum there is a MS. narrative, written by one who was an attendant on the prince's person from the age of three to thirteen years, a time of life when but few children can furnish any thing worth relating about themselves.

The first time he went to the town of Sterling to meet the king, observing on the road a stack of corn, it fancifully struck him as similar in shape to the top he used to play with. "That's a good top," said he. "Why do you not then play with it?" answered one of his attendants. "Set you it up for me, and I will play with it." This is just the fancy we might expect in a lively child, with a shrewdness in the retort above its years.

Being questioned by a nobleman whether, after his father, he had rather be king of England or Scotland, he asked which of them was best. Being answered, "England," "Then," said the Scottish-born prince, "would I have both." At another time, on reading this verse in Virgil—

"Tunc Tyrius mihi nullo discrimine agetur." the boy said he would use that verse for himself, with a slight alteration, thus.

"Anglos Scotosque mihi nullo discrimine agetur."

Even in the most trivial circumstances his bold and martial character displayed itself. Flating in the king's presence a dish of milk, the king asked him why he ate so much child's meat. "Sir, it is also man's meat."

Once taking up strawberries with two spoons, when one might have sufficed, he

gaily exclaimed, "The one I use as a ringer, and the other as a dagger."

The bickerings between the prince and his tutor, Adam Newton, are amusing. When Newton, wishing to set an example to the prince of heroic exercises, one day practised the pike, but with little skill, the prince taunted him on his failure. Newton obviously lost his temper, and observed, "That to find fault was an evil humour." "Master, I take the humour of you." "It becomes not a prince," observed Newton. "Then," retorted the prince, "dost it worse become a master?"

The tutor once irritated at losing a game at which he was playing with the prince, said, "I am meet for whipping boys." "You want then," retorted the prince, "that which a ploughman or cart driver can do better than you." "I can do more," said the tutor, "for I can govern foolish children."

On this the prince, who in respect for his tutor would not carry the jest farther, rose from the table, and in a low voice, said to those near him, "He had need be a wise man that could do that."

A musician having played a voluntary in presence of the prince, was requested to play the same again. "I could not for the kingdom of Spain," said the musician; "for this were harder than for a preacher to repeat word by word a sermon that he had not learned by rote." A clergyman standing by observed, that he thought a preacher might do that. "Perhaps," rejoined the young prince, "for a bishoprick."

One of his servants having cut the prince's finger, and sucking out the blood with his mouth, the young prince said to him pleasantly, "If, which God forbid! my father, myself, and the rest of his kindred, should fail, you might claim the crown, for you have now in you the blood-royal."

In one of the prince's excursions into the country, having stopped at a nobleman's house, the prince's servants complained that they had been obliged to go to bed supine, through the parsimony of the house, which the little prince at the time of hearing seemed not to notice. The next morning the lady of the house coming to pay her respects to him, found him turning a volume that had many pictures in it; one of which was a painting of a company sitting at a banquet: this he shewed her. "I invite you, madam, to a feast." "To what feast?" she asked. "To this feast," said the boy. "What, would your highness give me but a painted feast?" Fixing his eye on her, he said, "No better, madam, is found in this house." There was a point in this ingenious reprimand, for exceeding the wit of a child.

Such are a few of the anecdotes of a prince who died in early youth, gleaned from a contemporary manuscript, written by an eye and ear witness. They are trifles, but trifles consecrated by their genuineness, and by the rank of the individual to whom they relate.

*Ignorance of fear.*—A child of one of the crew of His Majesty's ship, Peacock, during

the action with the United States vessel, Hornet, amused himself with chasing a goat between decks. Not in the least terrified by destruction and death all around him, he persisted, till a cannon ball came and took off both the hind legs of the goat; when, seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, "Now I've caught you." This singular anecdote is related in a work called, "Visits of Mercy, being the second journal of the stated preacher to the hospital and almshouse, in the city of New York, by the Rev. E. S. Ely."

*Lord Thurlow.*—This eminent lawyer's superiority of abilities was very early manifested both at school and at college. They extorted submission from his equals, and impressed his seniors with respect. The following anecdote is told of him. Having been absent from chapel, or committed some other offence which came under the cognizance of the dean of the college, who, though a man of wit, was not remarkable for his learning; the dean set Thurlow, as a task, a paper in the Spectator to translate into Greek. This he performed extremely well, and in very little time; but instead of carrying it up to the dean, as he ought to have done, he took it to the tutor, who was a good scholar, and a very respectable character. At this the dean was exceedingly wroth, and had Mr. Thurlow convened before the Masters and Fellows to answer for his conduct. Thurlow was asked what he had to say for himself. He coolly, perhaps impudently, replied, "that what he had done proceeded not from disrespect, but from a feeling of tenderness for the dean; he did not wish to puzzle him!" The dean, greatly irritated, ordered him out of the room; and then insisted that the Masters and Fellows ought immediately to expel or rusticate him. This request was nearly complied with, when two of the Fellows, wiser than the rest, observed, that expelling or rusticating a young man for such an offence would perhaps do much injury to the college, and expose it to ridicule; and that as he would soon quit the college of his own accord to attend the Temple, it would be better to let the matter rest, than irritate him by so severe a proceeding. This advice was at length adopted.

Thurlow was not forgetful of the kindness which he experienced on this occasion. When he rose to the woolsack, he procured for one of the gentlemen who recommended lenient measures, the Chancellorship of the Diocese of Lincoln.

Such was the consciousness which Thurlow felt of his towering abilities, that long before he was called to the bar, he often declared to his friends that he would one day be Chancellor of England; and that the title he would take for his peerage would be Lord Thurlow, of Thurlow.

*Lord Nelson.*—Lord Nelson was, from his infancy, remarkable for his disinterestedness and intrepidity. When at School at North Walsham, the master, the Rev. Mr. Jones, had some remarkably fine pearls which his scholars had often wished for; but

the attempt to gather them was in their opinion so hazardous, that no one would

undertake it; when Horatio, on seeing all his companions staggered, came forward and offered to brave the danger. He was accordingly lowered down from their dormitory by some sheets tied together; and thus, at a considerable risk, secured the prize; but the boldness of the act was all that the young adventurer regarded; for on being hauled up again, he shared the pearls among his school-fellows, without receiving any for himself; and added, *I only took them because every other boy was afraid.*

It is also related of him, that, at an earlier period, and when he was quite a child, he strayed from his grandmother's house, at Hilborough, after birds' nests, with a cowboy. The dinner hour arriving without his appearance, the alarm of the family became very great, for they apprehended that he had been carried off by the gypsies. Search was instantly made in various directions; and at length he was discovered, without his companion, sitting with the utmost composure by the side of a stream which he had been unable to pass. "I wonder, child," exclaimed the old lady, on seeing him, that hunger and fear did not drive you home." "Fear never came near me, grandmamma!" replied the infant hero.

*Scientific Sagacity.*—In the winter of 1790, as a number of boys were skating on a lake in a remote part of Yorkshire, the ice happened to break at a considerable distance from the shore, and one of them unfortunately fell in. No house was near, where ropes or the assistance of more aged hands could be procured, and the boys were afraid to venture forward to save their struggling companion, from a natural dread, that where the ice had given way, it might give way again, and involve more of them in jeopardy. In this alarming emergency, one of them, of more sagacity than the rest, suggested an expedient, which for its scientific conception, would have done honour to the boyhood of a Watt or an Archimedes. He might probably remember having seen, that while a plank placed perpendicularly on thin ice will burst through, the same plank, if laid horizontally along the ice, will be firmly borne, and afford even a safe footing; and applying with great ingenuity and presence of mind, the obvious principle of this difference to the danger before them, he proposed to his companions that they should lay themselves flat along the ice, in a line one behind another, and each push forward the boy before him, till they reached the hole where their playmate was still plunging, heroically volunteering to be himself the first in the chain. The plan was instantly adopted, and to the great joy of the boys, and their gallant leader, they succeeded in rescuing their companion from a watery grave, at a moment when, overcome by terror and exertion, he was unable to make another effort to save himself. Reader, excuse a tear of gratitude. The name of the boy saved was—RICHARD PERCY.

*An apt Version.*—The late Dr. Adam, Rector of the Grammar School, Edinburgh, was supposed by his scholars to exercise a strong partiality for such

as were of patrician descent; and on one occasion was very smartly reminded of it by a boy of mean parentage, whom he was reprimanding rather severely for his ignorance—much more so than the boy thought he would have done, had he been the son of a *right honourable*, or even of a plain Baillie Jarvie. “You dance!” exclaimed the rector, I don’t think you can even translate the motto of your own native place, of the *gude* town of Edinburgh. What, sir, does *“Nisi Dominus frustra”* mean?” “It means, sir,” rejoined the boy smartly, “that unless we are lords’ sons, we need not come here.”

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS, FOR OCTOBER, 1819. (Concluded.)

Art. V. Voyage en Perse, fait dans les Années, 1807, 1808, 1809. 2 vols. 8vo.

This work, though published anonymous, is known to be the production of Mr. Adrien Dupré, who was attached to the legion of General Gardane.

In the space of 18 months, i. e. from 8th of September 1807 to the 1st of May 1809, the author, proceeding from Constantinople through Asia Minor, &c. to Bagdad, thence to Hamadan, Ispahan, and Schiraz, from which latter city he made several excursions, traversed the most remarkable provinces of the Persian empire in different directions, visited a great many cities, and resided in the most celebrated. He had abundant opportunities of making good and useful observations, and we must do him the justice to say that he has neglected none of those which, being relative to the details of the route, the productions of the country, or objects of trade, may be of some advantage to commerce and geography.

Among the most interesting parts of the work, are the detailed account of the Cashmere shawl; the statement of the military tribes established in Persia; a highly important table of the weights, measures, and coins, in use in the different provinces of that Empire; and a chapter, containing not only the itineraries of the route of the author, but also thirty-seven others, which give the distances of a great number of towns and villages in Persia, and even of the neighbouring countries.

Mr. Dupré is now engaged in a second work; viz. his “Voyage à la côte des Abkhas,” which will doubtless contain interesting information respecting a country of which we know very little.

Art. VI. Note on some Epithets descriptive of Bouddha, by Mr. Abel Remusat.

Though an enquiry into the denominations by which the Hindoos designate their divinities be in general futile, because there is often reason to believe them arbitrarily invented by the poets, there are however some, so consecrated by custom, that they must be considered, not as mere rhetorical ornaments, or means to fill up a hemisticth, but as the expression of a well established opinion on the attributes of the being to whom they are applied. Of this nature are the epithets descriptive of Bouddha, the

number of which is very considerable, but which, being all taken from the books considered as sacred, and alluding either to traits in the life of this mythological personage, or to the attributes which serve to characterise him, cannot have been changed since they were invented, and serve to designate him in litanies, invocations, and legends, in a fixed and invariable manner. In the 4th volume of the *Mines of the East*, I gave a very complete list of these epithets, from the most authentic sources: I now return to the subject, to seek the solution of a question, which has engaged some systematic writers in Europe, and which, by a singular chance, is connected with the great question of the origin of the arts, civilization, and religions of the East.

The celebrated Sir William Jones, whose authority must be allowed great weight in subjects relative to the literature of Persia and Hindooostan, but whose discourse at the annual meetings of the Society of Calcutta, should, in my opinion, be read with great distrust, in what relates to the antiquities of Asia, is, I believe, one of the authors who have spoken in the most express manner of statues of Bouddha with frizzled hair, evidently made, says he, “with the design of representing him in his natural state.” This is one of the particulars adduced by the ingenious author in the number of incontestable facts; it is indeed, we may say, the only one, which he points out among these facts, which, according to him, authorise us to think, that Ethiopia and Hindooostan were peopled by the same race. “It may be added, in support of this idea, (continues he) that it is difficult to distinguish the mountaineers of Bahar and of Bengal, in some of their features, especially the lips and the nose, from the modern Abyssinians; and that according to Strabo, the ancient Hindoos differed from the Africans only in having their hair straight and smooth, while that of the Africans was woolly or curled; a difference which proceeded chiefly, if not entirely, from the respective humidity or dryness of their atmosphere.” I shall not dwell on the material error contained in these last words, which, after the labours of modern naturalists, needs no refutation. In what precedes, too, I shall only take the assertion relative to Bouddha, which would tend to make us consider him as having been, in the opinion of his worshippers, an Ethiopian, foreign to the Indian race—a real African negro, with thick lips, a broad flat nose, and frizzled hair.

I shall draw my proofs exclusively from the writings of the Bouddhists themselves; and I need not remark, how greatly superior their authority is to that of the literati of Europe, and even to the authors attached to the worship of Brahma, the only ones who have been consulted by the English authors.

In these books we find the different names given to Bouddha, arranged and distributed in sections; the first contains 58: but these names express, almost all of them, the moral perfections and powers of Bouddha, considered as a divinity: *Devatadeva*, the

God of Gods; *Dharmasokha*, the honourable King of the Doctrine; *Mahatma*, the Great Saint; *Narottama*, the most Exalted of Men; *Goumardguru*, the Sea of Virtues, &c. These denominations, therefore, do not furnish us with any data adapted to the subject before us.

But the Bouddhists have not confined themselves to the enumeration of the moral qualities, in which this principal divinity is superior to all others; they have also made a description of the corporeal qualities which distinguish him in his human form, and have composed a series of phrases, from which it is possible to draw a complete portrait of Bouddha, considered as a material and terrestrial being. In this point of view, they have assigned him 32 visible qualities, and 80 sorts of beauties. Here it is natural to look for the features, which it would be necessary to know, in order to determine to which of the varieties of the human species the personage may have belonged, who has been worshipped since his death by the name of Bouddha. Now far from finding in this collection of 112 phrases, destined to the description of his human body, any thing resembling the figure of the negro, which it is so easy to characterise, and so difficult to mistake, we observe in this number several features which evidently belong to the Indian race, and which it is impossible to apply to that of the negroes of Africa.

Mr. Remusat quotes\* several of those phrases; Bouddha is called “with the golden complexion,” which must doubtless be understood of the olive colour of the Hindoos, and not the black of the negro: his body was without spot, and brilliant; his nails red like copper; his lips, rasy like the fruit called *bimba*. His hair was in rounded curls, which, in figures of Bouddha, executed by unskilful artists, may have been taken for frizzled hair; but as if it had been intended to provide against this interpretation of the word *curls*, we find another epithet which fixes the sense of it. The hair of Bouddha was not mixed or frizzled. Lastly, which is decisive, he is stated to have had a prominent nose, which might probably be equivalent to aquiline, but most certainly cannot be applied in any manner to the broad flat nose of the African negroes.

Mr. R. appeals to persons acquainted with the language for the exactness of his explanation of the Sanscrit phrases which he has translated, not directly, but through the medium of the Chinese, the Mongol, and the Mandchou. He has chosen only such as appeared the most characteristic: but on looking over the others in his translation of that part of the book which contains them, (i. *Mines of the East*, vol. 4.) there are many which it would be equally difficult to reconcile with the idea of Sir W. Jones, and certainly not one that favors it.

Declining to make use of any of the nu-

\* Mr. Remusat states that he has made use of Chinese, Mongol, and Mandchou translations of the books of the Bouddhists, and quotes in those languages the phrases which he selects to illustrate his opinions. Ed.

merous legends in which Boudhha is made to act a part which is wholly fabulous. Mr. R. observes, however, that it is worthy of remark, that no feature in any of those legends has the slightest relation to the foreign physiognomy which some would attribute to Boudhha, and that he is always represented with a degree of beauty equal to his power. If Mr. R. had not contented himself with repeating the opinion of Sir W. Jones respecting the negro features attributed to Boudhha, he might easily have accumulated proofs of another kind, that he was not an Ethiopian come from Africa to Hindoo-stan, but, that his birth being once admitted as an historical fact, all the traditions, without exception, agree in placing it in one of the kingdoms of central India. This is a fact established by too many testimonies, all concurring, though independent of each other, to render it necessary to dwell upon it. Even should some statues of Boudhha have frizzled hair, there are many ways of explaining this fact, and an English gentleman furnishes us with one, which is perhaps not the worst. In a notice upon the *Djainas* drawn up and translated at Madjori, by the Bramin Cavelly-Boria, from documents furnished by a priest of that sect it is asserted that the *Mahaviras*, or ascetics, of the second class, must not use razors, but employ their disciples to pull up their hair by the roots. On which Major C. Mackenzie, remarks, that these sectaries attribute to the effects of this operation the appearance of the heads of their *Gaurous*, which the Europeans have supposed to represent curled or frizzled hair. This is an explanation which would dispense with our making Boudhha a negro with woolly hair. Were it certain that this god had received from ancient times the name of *Malî*, which is given in the *Vyacurna*, not to the legislator Boudhha, but to the genius of the planet Mercury, and which does not mean *black*, as P. Paulin de S. Barthelemy thought, but *spotted*, and which at all events, might very well have been given to inhabitants of Dukshin by the Indians of the north, a fact of this nature would surely not deserve to be reckoned among the particulars which may make known the history of Indian civilization, and authorise us to think that it may have been brought from Ethiopia to Hindoo-stan, and had its origin among the negroes. Such trifling circumstances are not calculated to throw light on such extensive and complicated questions. The affinity which seems to exist between several points of the religions and the institutions of India and Egypt, gives rise to important and difficult problems, but it is not by allenging some specious arguments, or by indulging in reflections in which there is always something superficial, that these problems can be solved.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### THE TURQUOISE.

Dr. Gotthelf Fricke, professor of Natural History in the University at Moscow,

has lately made some inquiries into the subject of the Turquoise, which seem to us to possess considerable novelty. We are indebted for the knowledge of them to the *Asiatic Journal*.

Turquoise, is a name which has been erroneously given to two different substances: the *oriental turquoise* being a true stone, a clay coloured by oxide of copper, or even by arsenite of iron; and the *common turquoise*, *occidental turquoise*, or *turquoise odontolite*, being a fossil, a petrefaction, a tooth, or a bone, coloured by a metallic phosphate, and not belonging to the mineral kingdom at all.

We imagine that very few persons are aware of this distinction. The former is the *Calaite* or *bores* of Pliny, in his chapter on opaque blue gems, lib. 37, c. 8; and no doubt the *σαλαιτη* and *σαλαιτης* of the Greeks. Dr. F. restores the appellation Calaite, and claims a place for this substance among the minerals or stony bodies to which it pertains, and from which it has only been excluded by the more generally known turquoise of Europe, properly described by Reaumur as a tooth coloured by copper. Indeed every part of a skeleton may be converted into turquoise, when placed in contact with coppery bodies, and especially with phosphate of copper. The Calaite, or Oriental Turquoise, is found in several mines in Persia, where it is highly valued. Pure stones of the size of a pea are difficult to be procured; those of the size of a nut are extremely rare. The Persians, Afghans, and other Asiatic nations, use them as amulets, for ornamenting their creases, and for the usual purposes of jewellery. There are some varieties.

The turquoise with which we are all more familiar, it is now proposed to designate as the odontolite; as, though the whole animal may be rendered turquoise by being penetrated and coloured by metallic oxides, particularly by copper, the teeth alone, owing to their hardness, are capable of becoming turquoise in the full acceptation of the word. Many teeth of unknown animals have been found so converted in copper mines, &c. but the principal depôts for the formation of these precious bodies are in France. Furnaces, and a process (kept secret) are employed to produce this artificial turquoise, which is, however, distinguished from the real stone by being less hard, by losing its colour in distilled vinegar, and by dissolving completely in nitric acid. The true Calaite withstands these tests, and bears a finer polish.

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, FEB. 12.

On Saturday last the Rev. Edward John Burrow, B.D. of Trinity College, was admitted Doctor in Divinity, grand compounder.

On Thursday last the Rev. Samuel Hall, M. A. Fellow of Brasenose College, was admitted Bachelor in Divinity, and the Right Hon. Dudley Ryder, Vice-Sandion, Nobleman of Christ Church, was admitted Bachelor of Arts.

#### ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

January 24th, 1820. *Papers Read.*

A method of computing Astronomical Refractions for small Altitudes, by the Rev. John Brinkley, D. D. and M. R. S. A. Archdeacon of Clogher, and Andrews Professor of Astronomy in the University of Dublin.

The object of this paper is to deduce, by means of a modification of the result of the hypothesis, of a density decreasing uniformly, by a very simple investigation, the refraction, at any low altitude, corresponding to any heights of the barometer and thermometer. Hence tables are deduced for zenith distances between 80° and the horizon; which scarcely yield in simplicity to the French tables, and enable us to obtain the quantity of refraction as changed by the weight and temperature of the atmosphere, in which, near the horizon, the French tables appear entirely to fail. The author takes occasion, in a note, to correct a slight mistake, into which Doctor Young seems to have fallen, with respect to an expression used by Archdeacon Brinkley, in his paper "On the Analytical Investigation of Refraction," published in Vol. XXII. Trans. R. S. Academy.

On the Inscription of Regular Polygons in a Circle. By Samuel James, Esq. communicated by the Rev. F. Sadler, D. D. M. R. S. A. Secretary to the Academy.

This paper contains the mode of inscribing geometrically a polygon of 17 sides in a circle. The author introduces his construction by remarks on this branch of geometry, which had remained almost without attention from the time of the Greek geometers, till, in the year 1801, M. Gauss, in his "Disquisitiones Arithmeticae," called the attention of the scientific world to the subject, and proved the possibility of inscribing in a circle all such regular polygons as have the number of their sides expressed by  $2^n + 1$ , being also a prime number. The construction, however, for these polygons, has not as yet been made public.

On the development of the series for the Sine or Cosine of Multiple Arcs. By Humphrey Lloyd, Esq. Undergraduate in Dublin College. Communicated by the Rev. J. H. Singer, Secretary to the Academy.

The object of this paper is to deduce, from elementary algebra, the expressions for the sine and cosine of multiple arcs, in terms of the sine or cosine simply, which had hitherto not been effected without fluxions. They are derived from the expansion of De Moivre's formula, and the author has annexed some other analytical expressions calculated to show the utility of that theorem.

An Analysis of the Cynegetics of Oppian. By the Rev. W. H. Drummond, L. L. D. M. R. S. A.

This paper is properly a continuation of one read to the Academy during the last year, on the life and writings of this neglected Greek poet. Doctor Drummond has given, in his analysis, which is very full, many passages abounding with high poetic beauties, and very interesting to the naturalist, as con-

taining a fair specimen of the knowledge of Natural History, which had been acquired at the time of Oppian.

## FINE ARTS.

## THE BRITISH GALLERY.

This attractive exhibition has been shut in consequence of the Royal demise: if we form an estimate of the state of the Arts in this country sixty years ago, by what is transmitted from that period, and then cast our eye over these walls, we must be prone to acknowledge how much they have advanced under the beneficent sceptre of George the Third. With but very few brilliant exceptions, which may almost literally be said to belong to the early years of the last reign, painting and sculpture were generally at a low ebb in England. Since then many bright stars have risen and set; and, at this day, our country stands, we presume to affirm, without dispute, the highest on the national scale of excellence in the cultivation of the Fine Arts. The theatrical arts, and exaggerated anatomy of France; the imitative feebleness of Italy; the deep sleep of Flanders and Holland; and the hardly eminent talent of other states, whence war has scourged the nobler pursuits of humanity, present nothing to compare with the various and exuberant wealth of our British school. Far be it from us to deny the highest attributes of genius to individual foreign artists; but setting nation against nation in the glorious competition, we repeat, with pride and triumph, that there is none to match Great Britain.

From this general view it behoves us to let ourselves gradually down to particulars, deserving perhaps of some remarks.

The yearly accumulation of art, while it develops and displays more talent and progressive improvements, must also increase the struggle of contemporary merit: we feel the shackles imposed on us by repeated observations upon like subjects; and impediments much more difficult to be overcome must arise from the same cause to painters, whose task it is not merely to express an opinion, but to create a work which shall differ from the multitude thus annually produced. We are embarrassed, they must be disheartened; we are perplexed what to say, they can scarcely be able to tell what to do. In our dilemma, the points at which we have principally aimed, throughout our many criticisms, have been the interests of the artist, the development of the principles of painting, and the direction of the public. The nature of the theme must necessarily lead to a recurrence of technical terms, which the lovers of art, visiting the exhibitions, may be supposed sufficiently to understand, but by which our distant and general readers can be little informed. In the choice now offered us, (and never were the materials of which a modern gallery was composed in our time more worthy of attention) we feel it our duty to be select, and to mark only pictures of distinguished excellence for regard. In so

doing, we shall further endeavour to check what appears to us to be an excess which has grown out of public notice, and which can only end in disappointment and mortification to thousands who engage in the profession from mistaken impressions, either arising from the facilities afforded to the study of art, or the encouragement obtained by a few; to these it may be proper to observe, that mediocrity must sink in neglect, and in the warning voice of Mr. Fuseli, exclaim, "It is better to deter than to deceive."

There are above 300 paintings in this year's collection, and several pieces of sculpture. The contributors amount in number to more than one hundred and fifty, and include many names of the foremost celebrity, as well as youthful aspirants to fame. A good many of the subjects have been exhibited before, but they are new (we calculate roughly) in the proportion of ten to one; so that besides old friends with new (varnished) faces, we find novelties enough to captivate our senses. Next week we shall resume these strictures, and notice particular works.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—Last week Mr. Abraham Cooper and Mr. William Collins were elected Members of the Royal Academy, in the room of the late Mearns, M. Lloyd and E. Bird. The former, Mr. Cooper, has raised himself from humble life to this distinction, by the mere dint of extraordinary talents; and his animal paintings, for truth and spirit, have rarely been excelled. The latter, Mr. Collins, has no superior for delightful landscape; his coast-scenes are almost always peculiarly beautiful, and his figures finely introduced.

## MUSEUM OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF BAVARIA.

Munich, Jan. 6th.

Yesterday the celebrated Faun of the Palace of Barberini, purchased by his Royal Highness the Crown Prince, happily arrived here without being damaged. After this colossal mass of marble had safely passed over the Appenines and Tyrolese mountains, a delay of eight days was occasioned by a bridge near Kufstein, which was unable to bear the weight: but soon were all obstacles overcome, and the chest is now placed in one of the saloons of the Museum. The collection of our Crown Prince has now, exclusive of the Egrina statues, two works of art, which after the Torso and the fragments of the Parthenon, according to our opinion, bear most evidently and incontrovertibly the stamp of Grecian originality and perfection, namely, this Faun and the celebrated statue of the Son of Niobe, bought at Vienna. But that these two masterpieces do not stand alone here, appears from a list of some of the works which are placed in two saloons, where, besides above twenty other fine works, we see the celebrated Medusa, from the Palace of Rondanini; the colossal Pallas, from the Villa of Albani; the colossal Muse of Ageladas, from the Barberini Palace; the beautiful Venus, from the Palace Bruschi; the well known Vaccarelles; two Urns,

found in Athens and Rhodes, of Grecian antique workmanship; the Jason tying his Sandal; the colossal Heros from the Barberini Palace; excellent Hermes of Xerxes, Xenophon, Miltiades, Socrates, and the remarkable statue of Alexander, from the Palace Rondanini. This collection now consists of more than two hundred articles.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## A SCENE.

"There is a ban upon me. The thick air  
Parches my brow, and in my haggard eye  
There lives a glassy splendour: women shrink,  
And children fly me: nay, immortal man  
Bestows a curse (mask'd) upon the wretch  
Whom ruin has blasted! Look upon me well,  
Am I unlike the thing I was? or has  
The breath of those who raised me to the skies  
Been tainted?—Would ye know my story?—

Listen,  
I am a wretch of desperate fortunes; maim'd,  
And touch'd by plague and burning pestilence,  
(The harmless now) and ruck'd by inward pains.  
But more by pondering on the scenes of joy  
Long past and gone for ever. I have lost  
What made this earth a paradise,—the wife  
I lov'd and worshipp'd like the heavens.—She's  
gone:  
Aye, dead and mouldering like the common soil  
You tread upon:—but this I might have borne,  
Tho' hard; but she was slain; poltred, torn,  
With all our children from their home, to ruin.  
I liv'd and turn'd a madman. How I laughed!  
At all the slanders that the world cast on me!  
And when they beggar'd me I laugh'd, and hit  
My chains, and shriek'd in horrid jubilee.  
They bound me to the slimy ground, and none  
Of all I had befriended lent me comfort.  
My limbs were rung and riven: my frame grew  
parch'd—

And, like a madden'd hound, my tongue roll'd  
out,  
Foaming:—but no one sooth'd. The loathsome  
told

Is stamp'd on; so was I.—My heart was struck,  
And I was branded thro' the living world,  
A villain, half condemned. The rabble shrank  
From one so vile; but I was innocent.  
Let me not talk of this.—I rave, I rave,  
'Tis well I do at times, for that upholds me.  
Look at yon drivelling idiot—he is happy.  
Yon foaming orator.—Is he wretched?—No.  
But I have partial glimpses of the past,  
That come like burning sun-beams: eye, and  
dart  
Scorching, right through my brain. My flesh is  
gone;

It withers and wastes away; and tire' my heart.  
A knife is driven, altho' you see it not,  
I'm shaven to the crown, and my dark hair,  
(I was so proud of it!) was torn away,  
To make me quite a mockery: but I bear it,  
And will bear more—much more."

Thus from his straw,  
Shrik'd one poor frenzied wretch, whose look  
thoughts,  
Spoke somewhat strangely of nobility.  
His eye was glass'd and wide, and rang'd about  
His prison. On his bony limbs he wore  
Huge fetters; and his hands were clenched, as  
tho'

He felt internal pains: then he breath'd hard,  
And look'd half upward in reproach, and turn'd  
A wistful, pitous eyes on me.—I strove  
To soothe; but he grew weaker every hour;

And now and then he smil'd in bitter anguish.  
There seem'd a rapturous, terrible joy, like one  
About to roam in freedom. Hope was gone:  
That had departed with belief; and he  
Glow'd like a dying comet on this world,  
Furious of that to come.—Now his blue lip  
Seem'd losing all its colour, and a film  
Spread like a subtle web across his eye.  
Slowly, His nose grew white; and yet the  
breath

Thro' the distending nostrils whistled hard,  
Like gusts of wind, at prolong'd intervals,  
He grasp'd his rug and strove to rise,—in vain.  
We lift'd him, and then he gasp'd and groan'd,  
And open'd wide his mouth.—The sounds were  
hoarse,

And half resembled words a learner utters.  
He shook his head, and fell against my arm,  
With all his weight. Awhile I held him there,  
And now and then look'd at his moisted brow,  
And spoke some words of comfort. He was  
still silent:

But he stand'd stiffly upon the wall,  
Where he had once sketch'd curios images.  
This lasted long. I spoke again, but he  
Still answered not, but gasp'd and gasp'd.—At last  
I looked more closely at him, and I found  
I had been holding in my arms—a corpse.

—W.

(By Correspondents.)  
TO PITY.

Kind Pitt, daughter of the skies,  
Whene'er thy plaintive voice we hear,  
The echo is our bosom sighs,  
And the bright token is a tear.  
Where want and poverty reside,  
Where sorrow sits apart to mourn;  
Shew'd by the "glistening sons of pride,"  
Thy sympathetic footsteps turn.  
Oh! may thy presence never cease  
To light the shade of human woe;  
To shed the dawn of Hope and Peace  
On man's brief narrow space below.

D—

### THE DRAMA.

All the theatres reopened on Thursday: Drury Lane with a selection of music and several addresses on recent events; Covent Garden with additional verses, by Colman, to the national air of God save the King; the Surrey with a solemn dirge; and others with various tributes of public feeling.

### VARIETIES.

The following is a list of the receipts of the different Theatres of Paris, during the year 1819:—

Academie Royale de Musique, 522,786 francs; Comédie-Française, 679,342 fr.; Opéra-Comique, 59,571 fr.; Second Théâtre-Français, 256,452 fr.; Opéra-Italien, 245,76 fr.; Vaudeville, 511,228 fr.; Variétés, 505,179 fr.; Gaîté, 400,988 fr.; Ambigu-Comique, 106,184 fr.; Cirque-Olympique, 295,568 fr.; Porte-Saint-Martin, 504,917 fr.; Total, 5,082,831 fr. Eleventh of the profits for the poor, 462,000 fr.; a twentieth, levied on the Secondary Theatres, for the support of the Opera, 134,203 francs.

There is a remarkable vegetable curiosity in the Department of Meuse; namely an elm, planted near the church of Bettege.

The trunk of this tree measures fourteen feet in diameter one way, and between seven and eight the other. It is hollow, but the cavity is divided by concentric partitions formed of ligneous layers which have resisted decomposition. These partitions are so widely separated one from the other, that a man may pass between them.

According to local tradition, this tree has existed since the time of the Druidical worship, to the ceremonies of which it was consecrated.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—Accounts, via Montreal, purporting to announce the arrival at the mouth of the Copper-mine River, of the expedition sent out last year to explore Baffin's Bay, have been published in a Dublin paper. The authenticity of this relation seems to be more than problematical, and we are sorry to suspect that it is an invention, the more discreditable as the dearest private feelings, as well as public interests, are wrapt up in the fate of the gallant navigators on board of the discovery ships.

But even supposing the story to be true, the fact established would not go far towards the solution of the great geographical question at issue. It has long been thought probable, that the Copper-mine river ran into an arm of Baffin's Bay stretching more to the westward than is laid down in charts; and the extreme uncertainty of the observations of Mr. Hearne tend greatly to strengthen the conjecture; since neither the direction of the river, nor the degree of longitude of its mouth, are at all established by his statements. It may, for aught we know, flow much more to the east than is supposed; and when the shortness of the degrees in this latitude are considered, it requires no great hypothesis to believe that an expedition might reach this point from Baffin's Bay, and be nevertheless as unlikely as before to arrive at Behring's Straits.

The Savage of Java.—It is stated in a letter from a traveller in Batavia, that a savage has been found in the woods of the island; it is thought that he must have lost himself in the earlier part of his youth, and he now seems to be about thirty years old. He speaks no articulate language, but barks like an animal, or rather barks, for his voice is like that of a dog. He runs on all fours, and as soon as he perceives any human being, he climbs up a tree like a monkey, and springs from one branch to another. When he sees any bird or game, he catches at it, and very seldom misses his prey. As yet he has not been able to accustom himself to the usual mode of living and food of the human species.

A French amateur already known for the services he has rendered to the fine arts, has procured a collection of the fine compositions of sacred music, which are annually performed during passion week in the Pontifical Chapel at Rome. He intends to have them performed publicly in Paris during passion week.

A model of a plough has been shipped on board the *Jenne-Louise*, bound for Havre, from the United States. This plough, which has been recently adopted throughout all

the northern parts of America, is to be submitted to the examination of the Royal Agricultural Society of Paris. It is expected that it will afford important advantages to rural economy.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. Sharon Turner's third edition of the History of the Anglo-Saxons, is nearly ready. It will contain (we are informed) an addition of several observations and dialogues of our King Alfred, on the subjects discussed by Boethius—a fuller analysis of the heroic poem on Beowulf—a larger view of the Witen-gernot, or Anglo-Saxon Parliament—and a detail of the population of the Anglo-Saxons.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

FEBRUARY, 1820.

Thursday, 10.—Thermometer from 35 to 47. Barometer from 30, 04 to 30, 24. Wind S. W. and N. W. 1.—Generally cloudy till noon, when it became clear.

Friday, 11.—Thermometer from 29 to 44. Barometer from 30, 29 to 30, 21.

Wind S. W. 1 and 2.—A white frost in the morning, and generally fair till noon, when it became cloudy; rain in the evening.

Saturday, 12.—Thermometer from 34 to 45. Barometer from 30, 05 to 30, 20.

Wind S. W. 1 and N. B. E. 2.—Generally cloudy. A misty rain most of the afternoon. Rain fallen, .15 of an inch.

Sunday, 13.—Thermometer from 34 to 47. Barometer from 30, 23 to 30, 21.

Wind S. B. E. and S. W. 1.—Generally cloudy; sunshine at times. Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.

Monday, 14.—Thermometer from 27 to 43. Barometer from 30, 34 to 30, 42.

Wind N. B. E. 1.—Generally cloudy till the evening when it became clear. A few flashes of lightning in the West about 7 o'clock.

Tuesday, 15.—Thermometer from 31 to 45. Barometer from 30, 24 to 30, 47.

Wind N. B. E. 1.—Morning cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.

Wednesday, 16.—Thermometer from 23 to 37. Barometer from 30, 47 to 30, 41.

Wind N. B. E. 1 and S. E. 1.—Generally clear. A white frost and thick rime in the morning. Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—Complaints of irregularities in the transmission and delivery of the *Literary Gazette* have reached us; for some of which, it is possible that our own Office may have been responsible; but the neglect generally lies with the persons to whom the orders of which we have no cognizance, are given. We have, however, enforced a new and more regular system, and may securely promise, that henceforward the utmost punctuality on the part of our publishers may be relied on. In other cases, we are sure, that the parties employed need only have the complaints against what is wrong made to them, to rectify it. Any friends disappointed through past negligence, we shall be happy to satisfy.

Title pages for the volume for 1819, have been sent to Mr. Milliken, Bookseller, Dublin; where they may be had gratis by our Subscribers in Ireland. Upon application, we will do the same in Edinburgh, or any considerable place in England, where wanted for binding up the *Literary Gazette*.

(Continued)

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Miscellaneous Advertisements,  
(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

THIS GALLERY, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Modern Artists, is open daily from 10 in the morning till dusk. By order, JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

Admission is—Catalogue 1s.

## Pictures.

By Mr. BULLOCK, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Friday, February the 26th, punctually at One, without reserve.

A Few Capital ORIGINAL PICTURES, the genuine property of a private Gentleman, removed from the North of England; comprising St. Jerome in a Landscape, Titian; Virgin and Child, Carpaccio; Penelope, by Guido; a small Holy Family, by Raffael; St. Agnes, Domenichino; a Grand Landscape and Figures, with Moses and the Brazen Serpent, by M. Poussin; and a Holy Family, by Stella; also an original Portrait of the Marquis of Granby, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and several other highly-finished Italian, Flemish, and Dutch Pictures, by Andrea del Sarto, Schidoni, P. da Cortona, Rubens, Rembrandt, Netherhaer, Teniers, &amp;c. &amp;c. To be viewed three days preceding.

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By Mr. BULLOCK, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Monday, February 26th, punctually at One.

A Very valuable Collection of ITALIAN, FRENCH, FLEMISH, and DUTCH PICTURES, the whole of which are the actual property of a private Gentleman, and lately arranged for private view in an upper room, at the Egyptian Hall; comprising the infant Christ and St. John, a beautiful Cabinet Gem, by Leo da Vinci; a Virgin and Child, by Lucas Van Leyden; a Holy Family, Trevissani; the Birth of St. John, Giovanni Crespi; Alexander and Porsu, Le Bruyn; a Landscape and Figures, Gaspar Poussin; a Portrait by Rubens; Hercules and Omphale, a grand gallery Picture, by Paolo de Mattbris; and many others of great merit by Pordenone, S. di Pescio, Domenichino, Guido, Le Duc, Van Dyck, Eckhout, Stork, Powell, &amp;c. To be viewed three days preceding.

## New Library.

THE very great patronage bestowed upon FEARMAN'S ESTABLISHMENT is the best proof of the superior excellence of the New System. The principal feature of the plan is to prevent disappointment, insuring Subscribers every New Work as soon as published. Terms of subscription to be had at the Library, 170, New Bond-street, next the Circus.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

*Holt's Life of his late Majesty.*

1s 6d. Price 3s. Part I. (to be continued weekly) of THE PUBLIC and DOMESTIC LIFE of His late Most Gracious Majesty, GEORGE the THIRD, comprising the most eventful and important period in the whole Annals of British History; composed from authentic Sources, and interspersed with numerous interesting Anecdotes. By EDWARD BOLT, Esq. London: Printed for Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster Row, and sold by all Booksellers.

It is expected, this valuable work will be completed in Seven Parts. By a very large page, and close printing, it will contain as much matter as is usually found in Three Volumes of a similar size. It will be neatly printed on good paper, and embellished with about thirty highly-finished Portraits of the most distinguished public characters of the Reign, engraved by Sir William Beechey, Hayman, Opie, and other eminent Artists.

MY OPINIONS SINCE THE PEACE. By Sir ROWLAND OLDFACRE, Bart. Price 1s 6d. The nation trembles at each blow.

That No gives Aye, and Aye gives No.

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In Two parts 8s. boards.

A HISTORICAL and STATISTICAL ACCOUNT of the PRINCIPALITIES of WALACHIA and MOLDAVIA, including various Political Observations relating to them. By WILLIAM WILKINSON, Esq. into his Britannic Majesty's Council in the above-mentioned Principalities. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London. Of whom may be had, recently published, Germany and the Revolution, by Professor Goethe, late Editor of the "Rhenish Mercury." Translated from the German, by John Black, Esq. 10s. 6d. &amp;c.

Just published, price 1s.

THE TRIBUTE of a Friend to the Memory of WALTER DARBY, of JOHN'S College, Cambridge. By N. T. M. BAYLY, St. Mary Hall, Oxford; Oxford: Printed for J. Vincent; sold by Barrett, Bath; and Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, and Hatchard, London. Where may be had, by the same Author, Small Talk, price 1s.

1s 6d. price 8s. boards.

THE HECUBA, ORESTES; PHENICIAN VIRGINS, and MEDEA of EURIPIDES, literally translated into English Prose from the Text of Porson. Printed for D. A. Talbot, Oxford; and sold by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

## For Schools.

Just published, 12s. 6d. octavo, bound.

HOMERI ILIAS; a new Edition, with English Notes. This is a very compact and useful edition of the Iliad, for the use of Schools. The force of the Pictures, a distinguishing beauty of the Grecian language, is well pointed out. It will be found, beyond all comparison, the best edition for the use of Schools, as present extant.—*Antislavery Review*, September, 1819.This is, perhaps, the most useful edition of the Iliad, that has yet made its appearance. It is also critical, in an eminent degree, and contains a judicious and well-written account of the digamma, together with a dissertation upon the Homeric metre, principally selected from the writings of Professor Dunbar and Mr. R. P. Knight. The Notes are partly original, and partly taken from Heyne, Clarke, and Knight. The author has judiciously enlivened the heavy critical matter of his work by quotations from Pope's admirable translation, and adorned it with a few parallel passages from the Roman Poets, and from our illustrious countryman Milton.—*New Monthly Magazine*, Oct. 1819.

Printed by A. J. Valpy; and sold by G. and W. B. Whittaker; Longman and Co.; Baldwin and Co.; Lockett and Co.; F. C. and J. Rivington, London; Macmillan and Co. Edinburgh; Cumming and Co. Dublin; and all other Booksellers. Of the same may be had, bound, Horace, with English Notes to the Odes, 1s. 6d. Horace, no Notes, 2s. 6d. A neat Edition of Virgil, 16s. 3d. 3d edition, 4s. the same with English Notes, from Dr. Johnson, &amp;c. an Interpretation, 7s. 6d.; the same with Heyne's Text, and Dolphin Notes, an Interpretation, 10s. 6d. Caesar's Commentaries, Ovid's Text, many plates, no Interpretation, 10s. 6d.; Gratus, without Verses or Phrases, 7s. 6d.; Horace's Odes, from the Text of Hippo, 7s. 6d.; Elizabethan, 4s. 6d.; Greek Grammar, 10s. 6d.; Greek Dictionary, 4s. 6d.; Latin Grammar, 2s. 6d.; Latin Dictionary, 2s. 6d.; Amphitrye, Amulius, Captive, and Bellerus of Plautus, with English Notes, 4s. 6d.; Latin Vocabulary, 2s.; First Exercises, 1s. 6d.; Latin Dialogues, 2s. 6d.; Cicero de Amicitia et de Senectate, with Ernesti's Notes, &amp;c. by Barker, 3d edition, 4s. 6d.; Principia Officiorum, Historia et Geographia, 3s. 6d.; Poetical Chronology of Ancient and English History, 2s.; Mythology, 4th Edition, 2s.; Cicerone de Officiis, with English Notes, 6s.; Epistles M. T. Ciceronis, 8s. Edition, 2s.; the German and Agricola of Tacitus; from Broter, with all his Notes, &amp;c. by the same, 2d edition, 5s. 6d.; C. Nepos, with English Notes and Quotations, by Bradley, 4s. 6d.; Brutus, with ditto by 2d edition, 2s. 6d.; Latin Prose, by ditto 4s.; Greek Testament, 3 vols. 6s. 6d.; Epistles S. Pauli Historia, with English Notes, 2d edition, 2s.

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